

THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

*To our venerable brethren all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops in communion with the Apostolic See, we, Pius IX., Pope, send greeting, and our apostolic blessing :*

You know, venerable brethren, with what care and what paternal vigilance the Roman Pontiffs, our predecessors—fulfilling the charge intrusted to them by our Lord Jesus Christ himself in the person of the blessed Peter, chief of the apostles—have unflinchingly observed their duty in providing food for the sheep and the lambs, in assiduously nourishing the flock of the Lord with the words of faith, in imbuing them with salutary doctrine, and in turning them away from poisoned pastures; all this is known to you, and you have appreciated it. And certainly our predecessors, in affirming and in vindicating the august Catholic faith, truth, and justice, were never animated in their care for the salvation of souls by a more earnest desire than that of extinguishing and condemning by their letters and their constitutions all the heresies and errors which, as enemies of our divine faith, of the doctrines of the Catholic Church, of the purity of morals, and of the eternal salvation of man, have frequently excited serious storms, and precipitated civil and Christian society into the most deplorable misfortunes. For this reason our predecessors have opposed themselves with vigorous energy to the criminal enterprise of those wicked men, who, spreading their disturbing opinions like the waves of a raging sea, and promising liberty when they are slaves to corruption, endeavor by their pernicious writings to overturn the foundations of the Christian Catholic religion and of civil society; to destroy all virtue and justice; to deprave all minds and hearts; to turn away simple minds, and especially those of inexperienced youth, from the healthy discipline of morals; to corrupt it miserably, to draw it into the

meshes of error, and finally to draw it from the bosom of the Catholic Church.

But as you are aware, venerable brethren, we had scarcely been raised to the chair of St. Peter above our merits, by the mysterious designs of Divine Providence, than seeing with the most profound grief of our soul the horrible storm excited by evil doctrines, and the very grave and deplorable injury caused specially by so many errors to Christian people, in accordance with the duty of our apostolic ministry, and following in the glorious footsteps of our predecessors, we raised our voice, and by the publication of several encyclicals, consistorial letters, allocutions, and other apostolic letters, we have condemned the principal errors of our sad age, re-animated your utmost episcopal vigilance, warned and exhorted upon various occasions all our dear children in the Catholic Church to repel and absolutely avoid the contagion of so horrible a plague. More especially in our first encyclical of the 9th November, 1846, addressed to you, and in our two allocutions of the 9th December, 1854, and the 9th June, 1862, to the consistories, we condemned the monstrous opinions which particularly predominated in the present day, to the great prejudice of souls and to the detriment of civil society—doctrines which not only attack the Catholic Church, her salutary instruction, and her venerable rights, but also the natural, unalterable law inscribed by God upon the heart of man—that of sound reason.

But although we have not hitherto omitted to proscribe and reprove the principal errors of this kind, yet the cause of the Catholic Church, the safety of the souls which have been confided to us, and the well-being of human society itself, absolutely demand that we should again exercise our pastoral solicitude to destroy new opinions which spring out of these same errors as from so many sources. These false and perverse opinions are the more detestable as they especially tend to shackle and turn

aside the salutary force that the Catholic Church, by the example of her Divine author and his order, ought freely to exercise until the end of time, not only with regard to each individual man, but with regard to nations, peoples, and their rulers, and to destroy that agreement and concord between the priesthood and the government which have always existed for the happiness and security of religious, and civil society. For as you are well aware, venerable brethren, there are a great number of men in the present day who, applying to civil society the impious and absurd principle of naturalism, as it is called, dare to teach that the perfect right of public society and civil progress absolutely require a condition of human society constituted and governed without regard to all considerations of religion, as if it had no existence, or, at least, without making any distinction between true religion and heresy. And, contrary to the teaching of the Holy Scriptures, of the church, and of the fathers, they do not hesitate to affirm that the best condition of society is that in which the power of the laity is not compelled to inflict the penalties of law upon violators of the Catholic religion unless required by considerations of public safety. Actuated by an idea of social government so absolutely false, they do not hesitate further to propagate the erroneous opinion, very hurtful to the safety of the Catholic Church and of souls, and termed "delirium" by our predecessor, Gregory XVI., of excellent memory, namely: "Liberty of conscience and of worship is the right of every man—a right which ought to be proclaimed and established by law in every well-constituted State, and that citizens are entitled to make known and declare, with a liberty which neither the ecclesiastical nor the civil authority can limit, their convictions of whatever kind, either by word of mouth, or through the press, or by other means." But in making these rash assertions they do not reflect, they do not consider, that they preach the liberty of perdition (St. Augustine, Epistle 105, Al. 166), and that "if it is always free to human conviction to discuss, men will never be wanting who dare to struggle against the truth and to rely upon the loquacity of human wisdom, when we know by the example of our Lord Jesus Christ how faith and Christian sagacity ought to avoid this culpable vanity." (St. Leon, Epistle 164, Al. 133, sec. 2, Boll. Ed.)

Since also religion has been banished from civil government, since the doctrine and authority of divine revelation have

been repudiated, the idea intimately connected therewith of justice and human right is obscured by darkness and lost sight of, and in place of true justice and legitimate right brute force is substituted, which has permitted some, entirely oblivious of the plainest principles of sound reason, to dare to proclaim "that the will of the people, manifested by what is called public opinion or by other means, constitutes a supreme law superior to all divine and human right, and that accomplished facts in political affairs, by the mere fact of their having been accomplished, have the force of law." But who does not perfectly see and understand that human society, released from the ties of religion and true justice, can have no further object than to amass riches, and can follow no other law in its actions than the indomitable wickedness of a heart given up to pleasure and interest?

For this reason, also, these same men persecute with so relentless a hatred the religious orders, who have deserved so well of religion, civil society, and letters. They loudly declare that the orders have no right to exist, and in so doing make common cause with the falsehoods of the heretics. For, as taught by our predecessor of illustrious memory, Pius VI., "the abolition of religious houses injures the state of public profession, and is contrary to the counsels of the Gospel, injures a mode of life recommended by the church and in conformity with the Apostolic doctrine, does wrong to the celebrated founders whom we venerate upon the altar, and who constituted these societies under the inspiration of God." (Epistle to Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, March 10, 1791.)

In their impiety these same persons pretend that citizens and the church should be deprived of the opportunity of openly "receiving alms from Christian charity," and that the law forbidding "servile labor on account of divine worship" upon certain fixed days should be abrogated, upon the fallacious pretext that this opportunity and this law are contrary to the principles of political economy. Not content with eradicating religion from public society, they desire further to banish it from families and private life. Teaching and professing these most fatal errors of Socialism and Communism, they declare that "domestic society, or the entire family, derives its right of existence solely from civil law, whence it is to be concluded that from civil law descend all the rights of parents over their children, and, above all, the right of instructing and educating them." By such impious opinions and machinations do these false spirits en-

deavor to eliminate the salutary teaching and influences of the Catholic Church from the instruction and education of youth, and to infect and miserably deprave by their pernicious errors and their vices the pliant minds of youth. All those who endeavor to trouble sacred and public things, to destroy the good order of society, and to annihilate all divine and human rights, have always concentrated their criminal schemes, attention, and efforts upon the manner in which they might above all deprave and delude unthinking youth, as we have already shown. It is upon the corruption of youth that they place all their hopes. Thus they never cease to attack the clergy, from whom have descended to us in so authentic manner the most certain records of history, and by whom such desirable benefit has been bestowed in abundance upon Christian and civil society and upon letters. They assail them in every shape, going so far as to say of the clergy in general — "that being the enemies of the useful sciences, of progress, and of civilization, they ought to be deprived of the charge of instructing and educating youth."

Others, taking up wicked errors many times condemned, presume with notorious impudence to submit the authority of the church and of this Apostolic See, conferred upon it by God himself, to the judgment of civil authority, and to deny all the rights of this same church and this see with regard to exterior order.

They do not blush to affirm that the laws of the church do not bind the conscience if they are not promulgated by the civil power; that the acts and decrees of the Roman Pontiffs concerning religion and the church require the sanction and approbation, or, at least, the assent, of the civil power; and that the Apostolic constitutions condemning secret societies, whether these exact, or do not exact, an oath of secrecy, and branding with anathema their secretaries and promoters, have no force in those regions of the world where these associations are tolerated by the civil government. It is likewise affirmed that the excommunications launched by the Council of Trent and the Roman Pontiffs against those who invade the possessions of the church and usurp its rights, seek, in confounding the spiritual and temporal powers, to attain solely a terrestrial object; that the church can decide nothing which may bind the consciences of the faithful in a temporal order of things; that the law of the church does not demand that violations of sacred laws should be punished by temporal penalties; and that it is in accordance with sacred theology and the principles of public law to

claim for the civil government the property possessed by the churches, the religious orders, and other pious establishments.

And they have no shame in avowing openly and publicly the thesis, the principle of heretics from whom emanate so many errors and perverse opinions. They say: "That the ecclesiastical power is not of right divine, distinct and independent from the civil power; and that no distinction, no independence of this kind can be maintained without the church invading and usurping the essential rights of the civil power." Neither can we pass over in silence the audacity of those who, insulting sound doctrines, assert that "the judgments and decrees of the Holy See, whose object is declared to concern the general welfare of the church, its rights, and its discipline, do not claim the acquaintance and obedience under pain of sin and loss of the Catholic profession, if they do not treat of the dogmas of faith and manners."

How contrary is this doctrine to the Catholic dogma of the full power divinely given to the sovereign Pontiff by our Lord Jesus Christ, to guide, to supervise, and govern the universal church, no one can fail to see and understand clearly and evidently.

Amid so great a diversity of depraved opinions, we, remembering our apostolic duty, and solicitous before all things for our most holy religion, for sound doctrine, for the salvation of the souls confided to us, and for the welfare of human society itself, have considered the moment opportune to raise anew our apostolic voice. And therefore do we condemn and proscribe generally and particularly all the evil opinions and doctrines specially mentioned in this letter, and we wish that they may be held as rebuked, proscribed, and condemned by all the children of the Catholic Church. But you know further, venerable brothers, that in our time insulters of every truth and of all justice, and violent enemies of our religion, have spread abroad other impious doctrines by means of pestilent books, pamphlets, and journals which, distributed over the surface of the earth, deceive the people and wickedly lie. You are not ignorant that in our day men are found who, animated and excited by the spirit of Satan, have arrived at that excess of impiety as not to fear to deny our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, and to attack his divinity with scandalous persistence. We cannot abstain from awarding you well-merited eulogies, venerable brothers, for all the care and zeal with which you have raised your episcopal voice against so great an impiety.

## APPENDIX TO THE ENCYCLICAL.

*Catalogue of the Principal Errors of Our Time Pointed Out in the Consistorial Allocutions, Encyclical and other Apostolical Letters of Pope Pius IX.*

ROME, Dec. 22, 1864.

THE following catalogue of errors is appended to the Encyclical, bearing date the 8th inst.:

## § I. — PANTHEISM, NATURALISM, AND ABSOLUTE RATIONALISM.

1. There is no divine power, supreme being, wisdom, and providence distinct from the universality of things, and God is none other than the nature of things, and therefore immutable. In effect, God is in man, and in the world, and all things are God, and have the very substance of God. God is, therefore, one and the same thing with the world, and thence mind is confounded with matter, necessity with liberty of action, true with false, good with evil, just with unjust. — (See Allocution, "Maxima quidem," June 9, 1862.)

2. All action of God upon man and the world should be denied. — (See Alloc., "Maxima quidem," June 9, 1862.)

3. Human reason, without any regard to God, is the sole arbiter of true and false, good and evil; it is its own law in itself, and suffices by its natural force for the care of the welfare of men and nations. — (See Alloc., "Maxima quidem," June 9, 1862.)

4. All the truths of religion are derived from the native strength of human reason, whence reason is the principal rule by which man can and must arrive at the knowledge of all truths of every kind. — (See Encyclicals, "Qui pluribus," Nov. 9, 1846, and "Singulari quidem," March 17, 1856, and Alloc., "Maxima quidem," June 9, 1862.)

5. Divine revelation is imperfect, and therefore subject to the continual and indefinite progress corresponding to the progress of human reason. — (See Encyc., "Qui pluribus," Nov. 9, 1846, and Alloc., "Maxima quidem," June 9, 1862.)

6. Christian faith is in opposition to human reason, and divine revelation is not only useless but even injurious to the perfection of man. — (See Encyc., "Qui pluribus," Nov. 9, 1846, and Alloc., "Maxima quidem," June 9, 1862.)

7. The prophecies and miracles told and narrated in the sacred books are the fables of poets, and the mysteries of the Christian faith the sum of philosophical investigations. The books of the two Testaments contain

fabulous fictions, and Jesus Christ is himself a myth. — (Encyc., "Qui pluribus," Nov. 9, 1846; Alloc., "Maxima quidem," June 9, 1862.)

## § II. — MODERATE RATIONALISM.

8. As human reason is rendered equal to religion itself, theological matters must be treated as philosophical matters. — (Alloc., "Singulari quidem perfusi.")

9. All the dogmas of the Christian religion are indistinctly the object of natural science or philosophy, and human reason, instructed solely by history, is able by its natural strength and principles to arrive at a comprehension of even the most abstract dogmas from the moment when they have been proposed as objective. — (Letter to Archbishop Frising, "Gravissimus," Dec. 4, 1862. Letter to the same, "Tuas libenter," Dec. 21, 1863.)

10. As the philosopher is one thing and philosophy is another, it is the right and duty of the former to submit himself to the authority of which he shall have recognized the truth; but philosophy neither can nor ought to submit to authority. — (Letter to Archbishop Frising, "Gravissimus," Dec. 11, 1862; to the same, "Tuas libenter," Dec. 21, 1863.)

11. The church not only ought in no way to concern herself with philosophy, but ought further herself to tolerate the errors of philosophy, leaving to it the care of their correction. — (Letter to Archbishop Frising, Dec. 11, 1862.)

12. The decrees of the Apostolic See and of the Roman congregation fetter the free progress of science. — (Id., *ibid.*)

13. The methods and principles by which the old scholastic doctors cultivated theology are no longer suitable to the demands of the age and the progress of science. — (Id., "Tuas libenter," Dec. 21, 1863.)

14. Philosophy must be studied without taking any account of supernatural revelation. — (Id., *ibid.*)

N. B. — To the rationalistic system are due in great part the errors of Antony Gunther, condemned in the letter to the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne "Eximium tuum," June 15, 1847, and in that to the Bishop of Breslau, "Dolore haud medioeri," April 30, 1860.

## § III. — INDIFFERENTISM, TOLERATION.

15. Every man is free to embrace and profess the religion he shall believe true, guided by the light of reason. — (Apost. Let., "Multiplices inter," June 10, 1851; Alloc., "Maxima quidem," June 9, 1862.)



16. Men who have embraced any religion may find and obtain eternal salvation. — (Encyc., "Qui pluribus," Nov. 9, 1846; Alloc., "Ubi primum," Dec. 17, 1847; Encyc., "Singulari quidem," March 17, 1856.)

17. At least the eternal salvation may be hoped for of all who have never been in the true church of Christ. — (Alloc., "Singulari quidem," Dec. 9, 1865; Encyc., "Quanto conficiamur merore," Aug. 17, 1863.)

18. Protestantism is nothing more than another form of the same true religion in which it is possible to be equally pleasing to God, as in the Catholic church. — (Encyc., "Nescitis et vobiscum," Dec. 8, 1849.)

#### § IV. — SOCIALISM, COMMUNISM, CLANDESTINE SOCIETIES, BIBLICAL SOCIETIES, CLÉRICO-LIBERAL SOCIETIES.

Pests of this description have been frequently rebuked in the severest terms in the Encyc., "Qui pluribus," Nov. 9, 1846; Alloc., "Quibus, quantisque," Aug. 20, 1849; Encyc., "Nescitis et vobiscum," Dec. 8, 1849; Alloc., "Singulari quidem," Dec. 9, 1854; Encyc., "Quanto conficiamur merore," Aug. 10, 1863.

#### § V. — ERRORS RESPECTING THE CHURCH AND HER RIGHTS.

19. The church is not a true and perfect entirely free association; she does not rest upon the peculiar and perpetual rights conferred upon her by her divine founder; but it appertains to the civil power to define what are the rights and limits within which the church may exercise authority. — (Alloc., "Singulari quidem," Dec. 9, 1854; "Multis gravibus," Dec. 17, 1860; "Maxima quidem," June, 1862.)

20. The ecclesiastical power must not exercise its authority without the toleration and assent of the civil government. — (Alloc., "Meminit unusquisque," Sept. 30, 1851.)

21. The church has not the power of disputing dogmatically that the religion of the Catholic church is the only true religion. — (Lit. Apost., "Multiplices inter," June 10, 1851.)

22. The obligation which binds Catholic masters and writers does not apply to matters proposed for universal belief as articles of faith by the infallible judgment of the church. — (Let. to Archbishop Frising, "Tuas libenter," Dec. 21, 1863.)

23. The church has not the power of availing herself of force, or any direct or indirect temporal power. — (Lit. Apost., "Ad apostolicas," August 22, 1851.)

24. The Roman pontiffs and œcumenical

councils have exceeded the limits of their power, have usurped the rights of princes, and have even committed errors in defining matter relating to dogma and morals. — (Lit. Apost., "Multiplices inter," June 10, 1851.)

25. In addition to the authority inherent in the episcopate, further temporal power is granted to it by the civil power, either expressly or tacitly, but on that account also revocable by the civil power whenever it pleases. — (Lit. Apost., "Ad Apostolicas," August 22, 1851.)

26. The church has not the natural and legitimate right of acquisition and possession. — ("Nunquam," December 18, 1856; Encyc., "Incredibili," September 17, 1862.)

27. The ministers of the church and the Roman pontiff ought to be absolutely excluded from all charge and dominion over temporal affairs. — (Alloc., "Maximum quidem," June 9, 1862.)

28. Bishops have not the right of promulgating their apostolical letters without the sanction of the government. — (Alloc., "Nunquam fore," December 15, 1856.)

29. Spiritual graces granted by the Roman pontiff must be considered null unless they have been requested by the civil government. — (Id., *ibid.*)

30. The immunity of the church and of ecclesiastical persons derives its origin from civil law. — (Lit. Apost., "Multiplices inter," June 10, 1851.)

31. Ecclesiastical jurisdiction for temporal lawsuits, whether civil or criminal, of the clergy, should be abolished, even without the consent and against the desire of the Holy See. — (Alloc., "Acerbissimum," September 27, 1852; Id., "Nunquam fore," December 15, 1856.)

32. The personal immunity exonerating the clergy from military law may be abrogated without violation either of natural right or of equity. This abrogation is called for by civil progress, especially in a society modelled upon principles of liberal government. — (Let. to Bishop Montisregal, "Singularis nobilisque," September 29, 1864.)

33. It does not appertain to ecclesiastical jurisdiction, by any right, and inherent to its essence, to direct doctrine in matters of theology. — (Let. to Archbishop Frising, "Tuas libenter," Dec. 21, 1863.)

34. The doctrine of those who compare the sovereign pontiff to a free sovereign acting in the universal church is a doctrine which prevailed in the middle ages. — (Lit. Apost., Aug. 22, 1851.)

35. There is no obstacle to the sentence of a general council, or the act of all the

nation transferring the pontifical sovereign from the bishopric and city of Rome to some other bishopric in another city. — (Id., *ibid.*)

36. The definition of a national council does not admit of subsequent discussion, and the civil power can require that matters shall remain as they are. — (Id., *ibid.*)

37. National churches can be established without, and separated from, the Roman pontiff. — (Alloc., "Multis gravibusque," Dec. 17, 1860; "Jamdudum cernimus," March 18, 1861.)

38. Many Roman pontiffs have lent themselves to the division of the church in Eastern and Western churches. — (Lit. Apost., "Ad Apostolicas," August 22, 1851.)

§ VI.—ERRORS OF CIVIL SOCIETY, AS MUCH IN THEMSELVES AS CONSIDERED IN THEIR RELATIONS TO THE CHURCH.

39. The state of a republic, as being the origin and source of all rights, imposes itself by its rights, which is not circumscribed by any limit. — (Alloc., "Maxima quidem," June 9, 1862.)

40. The doctrine of the Catholic church is opposed to the laws and interests of society. — (Encyc., "Qui pluribus," Nov. 9, 1846; Alloc., "Quibus quantisque," April 20, 1849.)

41. The civil government, even when exercised by a heretic sovereign, possesses an indirect and negative power over religious affairs. — (Lit. Apost., August 22, 1851.)

42. In a legal conflict between the two powers, civil law ought to prevail. — (Id., *ibid.*)

43. The lay power has the authority to destroy, declare, and render null solemn conventions or concordats relating to the use of rights appertaining to ecclesiastical immunity, without the consent of the priesthood, and even against its will. — (Alloc., "In consistoriali," Nov. 1, 1850; Multis gravibusque," Dec. 17, 1860.)

44. The civil authority may interfere in matters regarding religion, morality, and spiritual government, whence it has control over the instructions for the guidance of consciences issued, conformably with their mission, by the pastors of the church. Further, it possesses full power in the matter of administering the divine sacraments and the necessary arrangements for their reception. — ("In Consistoriali," Nov. 1, 1858; Alloc., "Maxima quidem," June 9, 1862.)

45. The entire direction of public schools in which the youth of Christian States are educated, save an exception in the case of

Episcopal seminaries, may and must appertain to the civil power, and belong to it so far that no other authority shall be recognized as having any right to interfere in the discipline of the schools, the arrangement of the studies, the taking of degrees, or the choice and approval of teachers. — (Alloc., "In consistoriali," Nov. 1, 1850; "Quibus luctuosissimis," Sept. 5, 1861.)

46. Further, even in clerical seminaries the mode of study must be submitted to the civil authority. — (Alloc., "Nunquam fore," Dec. 15, 1856.)

47. The most advantageous conditions of civil society require that popular schools open without distinction to all children of the people, and public establishments destined to teach young people letters and good discipline, and to impart to them education, should be freed from all ecclesiastical authority and interference, and should be fully subjected to the civil and political power for the teaching of masters and opinions common to the times. — (Letter to Archbishop of Friburg, "Quum none sine," July 14, 1864.)

48. This manner of instructing youth, which consists in separating it from the Catholic faith and from the power of the church, and in teaching it above all a knowledge of natural things and the objects of social life, may be perfectly approved by Catholics. — (Id., *ibid.*)

49. The civil power is entitled to prevent ministers of religion and the faithful from communicating freely and mutually with the Roman Pontiff. — (Alloc., "Maxima quidem," June 9, 1862.)

50. The lay authority possesses of itself the right of presenting bishops, and may require of them that they take possession of their diocese before having received canonical institution and the Apostolical letter of the Holy See. — (Alloc., "Nunquam fore," Dec. 15, 1856.)

51. Further, the lay authority has the right of deposing bishops from their pastoral functions, and is not forced to obey the Roman Pontiff in matters affecting the filling of sees and the institution of bishops. — (Lit. Apost., "Multiplices inter," June 10, 1851; Alloc., "Acerbissimum.")

52. The government has a right to alter a period fixed by the church for the accomplishment of the religious duties of both sexes, and may enjoin upon all religious establishments to admit nobody to take solemn vows without permission. — (Alloc., "Nunquam fore," Dec. 15, 1856.)

53. Laws respecting the protection, rights, and functions of religious establishments

must be abrogated; further, the civil government may lend its assistance to all who desire to quit a religious life, and break their vows. The government may also deprive religious establishments of the right of patronage to collegiate churches and simple benefices, and submit their goods to civil competence and administration. — (Alloc., "Acerbissimum," Sept. 27, 1862; "Probe memineritis," Jan. 22, 1885; and "Quum sæpe," July 26, 1858.)

54. Kings and princes are not only free from the jurisdiction of the church, but are superior to the church even in litigious questions of jurisdiction. — (Lit. Apost., "Multiplices inter," June 10, 1851.)

55. The church must be separated from the State and the State from the church. — (Alloc., "Acerbissimum," Sept. 27, 1862.)

#### § VII. — ERRORS IN NATURAL AND CHRISTIAN MORALS.

56. Moral laws do not stand in need of the Divine sanction, and there is no necessity that human laws should be conformable to the laws of nature and receive their sanction from God. — (Alloc., "Maxima quidem," June 9, 1862.)

57. Knowledge of philosophical and moral things and civil laws may and must be free from Divine and ecclesiastical authority. — (Id., Ibid.)

58. No other forces are recognized than those which reside in matter, and which, contrary to all discipline and all decency of morals, are summed up in the accumulation and increase of riches by every possible means and in the satisfaction of every pleasure. — (Id., Ibid; Alloc., "Maxima quidem," Encyc., "Quanto conficiamur," August 10, 1863.)

59. Right consists in material fact. All human duties are vain words, and all human facts have the force of right. — (Alloc., "Maxima quidem," June 9, 1862.)

60. Authority is nothing but the sum of numbers and material force. — (Id., Ibid.)

61. The happy injustice of a fact inflicts no injury upon the sanctity of right. — (Alloc., "Jamdudum cernimus," March 18, 1861.)

62. The principle of non-intervention must be proclaimed and observed. — (Alloc., "Novos et ante," Sept. 27, 1860.)

63. It is allowable to withdraw from obedience to legitimate princes and to rise in insurrection against them. — (Encyc., "Qui pluribus," Nov. 9, 1846; Alloc., "Quisque vestrum," Oct. 4, 1847; Encyc., "Nosce et nobiscum," Dec. 8, 1849; Lit. Apost., "Cum Catholica," March 25, 1860.)

64. The violation of a solemn oath, even every guilty and shameful action repugnant to the eternal law, is not only undeserving rebuke, but is even allowable and worthy of the highest praise when done for the love of country. — (Alloc., "Quibus quantisque," April 20, 1849.)

#### § VIII. — ERRORS AS TO CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.

65. It is not admissible, rationally, that Christ has raised marriage to the dignity of a sacrament. — (Lit. Apost., August 22, 1852.)

66. The sacrament of marriage is only an adjunct of the contract, from which it is separable, and the sacrament itself only consists in the nuptial benediction. — (Id., Ibid.)

67. By the law of nature the marriage tie is not indissoluble, and in many cases divorce, properly so called, may be pronounced by the civil authority. — (Id., Ibid.; Alloc., "Acerbissimum," Sept. 27, 1852.)

68. The church has not the power of pronouncing upon the impediments to marriage. This belongs to civil society, which can remove the existing hindrances. — (Lit. Apost., "Multiplices inter," June 10, 1851.)

69. It is only more recently that the church has begun to pronounce upon invalidating obstacles, availing herself, not of her own right, but of a right borrowed from the civil power. — (Lit. Apost., August 22, 1851.)

70. The canons of the Council of Trent, which invoke anathema against those who deny the church the right of pronouncing upon invalidating obstacles, are not dogmatic, and must be considered as emanating from borrowed power. — (Lit. Apost., Ibid.)

71. The form of the said council, under the penalty of nullity, does not bind in cases where the civil law has appointed another form, and desires that this new form is to be used in marriage. — (Id., Ibid.)

72. Boniface VIII. is the first who declared that the vow of chastity pronounced at ordination annuls nuptials. — (Id., Ibid.)

73. A civil contract may very well, among Christians, take the place of true marriage, and it is false, either that the marriage contract between Christians must always be a sacrament, or that the contract is null if the sacrament does not exist. — (Id., Ibid.; Let. to King of Sardinia, Sept. 9, 1852; Alloc., "Acerbissimum," Sept. 27, 1852; "Multis gravibusque," Dec. 17, 1860.)

74. Matrimonial or nuptial causes belong by their nature to civil jurisdiction. — (Lit. Apost., August 22, 1851; Alloc., "Acerbissimum," Sept. 27, 1852.)

N. B. — Two other errors are still current

upon the abolition of the celibacy of priests and the preference due to the state of marriage over that of virginity. These have been refuted — the first in *Encyc.*, "Qui pluribus," Nov. 9, 1846; the second in *Lit. Apost.*, "Multiplices inter," June 10, 1851.

§ IX. — ERRORS REGARDING THE CIVIL POWER OF THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF.

75. The children of the Christian and Catholic Church are not agreed upon the compatibility of the temporal with the spiritual power. — (*Lit. Apost.*, August 22, 1852.)

76. The cessation of the temporal power, upon which the Apostolic See is based, would contribute to the happiness and liberty of the church. — (*Alloc.*, "Quibus quantisque," April 20, 1849.)

N. B. — Besides these errors explicitly pointed out, still more, and those numerous, are rebuked by the certain doctrine which all Catholics are bound to respect touching the civil government of the Sovereign Pontiff. These doctrines are abundantly explained in *Alloc.*, "Quantis quantumque," April 20, 1859, and "Si semper antea," May 20, 1850; *Lit. Apost.*, "Quum Catholica Ecclesia," March 26, 1860; *Alloc.*, "Novos,"

Sept. 28, 1860; "Jamdudum," March 18 1861; and "Maxima quidem," June 9, 1862.

§ X. — ERRORS REFERRING TO MODERN LIBERALISM.

77. In the present day it is no longer necessary that the Catholic religion shall be held as the only religion of the State, to the exclusion of all other modes of worship. — (*Alloc.*, "Nemo vestrum," July 26, 1855.)

78. Whence it has been wisely provided by law, in some countries called Catholic, that emigrants shall enjoy the free exercise of their own worship. — (*Alloc.*, "Acerbissimum," Sept. 27, 1852.)

79. But it is false that the civil liberty of every mode of worship and the full power given to all of overtly and publicly displaying their opinions and their thoughts conduce more easily to corrupt the morals and minds of the people and to the propagation of the evil of indifference. — (*Alloc.*, "Nunquam fore," Dec. 15, 1856.)

80. The Roman pontiff can and ought to reconcile himself to and agree with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization. — (*Alloc.*, "Jamdudum eernimus," March 18, 1861.)

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass,

He turned them into the river-lane;

One after another he let them pass,  
Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,  
He patiently followed their sober pace;  
The merry whistle for once was still,  
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said  
He never could let his youngest go:  
Two already were lying dead,  
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,  
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,  
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,  
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat,  
With resolute heart and purpose grim,  
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,  
And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,  
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;  
And now, when the cows came back at night,  
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm

That three were lying where two had lain;  
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm  
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,  
He went for the cows when the work was done;

But down the lane, as he opened the gate,  
He saw them coming one by one.

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle and Bess,  
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;  
Cropping the butter-cups out of the grass —  
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air  
The empty sleeve of army blue;  
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,  
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For southern prisons will sometimes yawn,  
And yield their dead unto life again;  
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn  
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;  
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;

And under the silent evening skies  
Together they followed the cattle home.

— *Harper's Magazine.*



## PART XV.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

It is unnecessary to say that Colin won the prize on which he had set his heart. The record is extant in the University, to save his historian trouble; and, to be sure, nobody can be supposed to be ignorant on so important a point — at least nobody who is anybody and has a character to support. He took a double first-class — as he had set his heart on doing — and thereby obtained, as some great man once said in a speech, an equal standing to that of a duke in English society. It is to be feared that Colin did not experience the full benefits of his elevation; for, to be sure, such a dukedom is of a temporary character, and was scarcely likely to survive beyond his year. But the prize when it was won, and all the long details of the process of winning it, were not without their effect upon him. Colin, being still young and inexperienced, had, indeed, the idea that the possessor of such a distinction needed but to signify his august will, and straightway every possible avenue of advancement would open before him. But for that idea, the pride of carrying home his honours, and laying them at the feet of his native church and country, would have been much lessened; and to tell the truth, when the moment of triumph came, Colin yielded a little to the intoxication, and lent his thoughts, in spite of himself, to those charmed voices of ambition which, in every allegory that ever was invented, exercise their siren influence on the young man at the beginning of his career. He waited to be wooed at that eventful moment. He had a vague idea at the bottom of his heart that the State and the Church, and the Bar and the Press, would all come forward open-armed to tempt the hero of the year; and he had nobly determined to turn a deaf ear to all their temptations, and cling to his natural vocation, the profession to which he had been trained, with a constancy to which the world could not fail to do honour. Colin accordingly took possession of his honours with a little expectation, and waited for these siren-voices. When they did not come, the young man was a little astonished, a little mortified and cast down for the moment. But after that, happily the absurdity of the position struck him. He burst into sudden laughter in his rooms, where he sat in all the new gloss of his fame and dignity, with much congratulation from his friends, but no particular excitement on the part of the world. Great Britain, as it appeared for the moment, was not so urgently in want of a

new Secretary of State as to contest the matter with the parish of Glentummel, which had a claim upon the young man as its minister; and neither the *Times* nor the *Quarterly Review* put then forth any pretensions to him. And University life, to which he might have had a successful *entrée*, did not exercise any charm upon Colin. A tutorship, though with unlimited prospect of pupils, and hopes of reaching soon the august elevation of Master, was not the vocation on which he had set his heart. The consequence was, as we have said, that the new Fellow of Balliol remained expectant for some time, then began to feel mortified and disappointed, and finally arose, with a storm of half-indignant laughter, to find that, after all, his position was not vitally changed by his successes. This was a strange, and perhaps in some respects a painful, discovery for a young man to make. He had distinguished himself among his fellows as much as a young soldier who had made himself the hero of a campaign would have distinguished himself among his; but this fact had very little effect upon his entry into the world. If he had been the Duke's son, his first-class glories would have been a graceful addition to the natural honours of his name, and perhaps might have turned towards him with favour the eyes of some of those great persons who hold the keys of office in their hands. But Colin was only the farmer of Ramore's son, and his prize did him no more good than any other useless laurel — except indeed that it might have helped him to advancement in the way of pupils, had that been Colin's rôle. But considering how honourable a task it is to rear the new generation, it is astonishing how little enthusiasm generally exists among young men for that fine and worthy office. Colin had not the least desire to devote himself henceforward to the production of other first-class men — though, doubtless, that would have been a very laudable object of ambition; and, notwithstanding his known devotion to the "Kirk," as his Oxford friends liked to call it, the young man was, no doubt, a little disappointed to find himself entirely at liberty to pursue his vocation. To be sure, Colin's "set" still remonstrated against his self-immolation, and assured him that with his advantages fabulous things might be done. But the young Scotchman was too clear-sighted not to see that a great many of his congratulating friends had a very faint idea what to do with themselves, though some of them were but a step or two beneath him in honours. And, in the mean time, Colin felt quite conscious that the world gave no

sign of wanting him, nor even availed itself of the commonest opportunities of seeking his invaluable services. A man who takes such a discovery in good part, and can turn back without bitterness upon his original intentions, is generally a man good for something; and this is precisely what, with much less flourish of trumpets than at the beginning, Colin found it necessary to do.

But he was not sorry to pay a visit to Wodensbourne, where he was invited after his victory, and to take a little time to think it all over. Wodensbourne had always been a kind of half-way house. It stood between him and his youthful life, with its limited external circumstances and unlimited expectations — and that other *real* life — the life of the man, wonderfully enlarged in outward detail, and miraculously shrunk and confined in expectation — which by the force of the contrast, young as he was, seemed to make two men of Colin. It was there first that he learned to distinguish between the brilliant peasant-firmament of Ramore, full of indistinct mists of glory, underneath which everything was possible — an atmosphere in which poor men rose to the steps of the throne, and princesses married pages, and the world was still young and fresh and primitive; and that more real sky in which the planets shone fixed and unapproachable, and where everything was bound by bonds of law and order, forbidding miracle. The more Colin had advanced, the more had he found advancement impossible according to the ideas entertained of it in his original sphere; and it was at Wodensbourne that he had first made this grand discovery. It was there he had learned the impossibility of the fundamental romance which at the bottom of their hearts most people like to believe in — of that love which can leap over half a world to unite two people and to make them happy ever after, in spite not only of differences of fortune but of the far larger and greater differences by which society is regulated. Colin was on perfectly pleasant terms with Miss Matty by this time, and did not hide from himself how much he owed her, — though perhaps she, who owed him a momentary perception of the possibility which she had proved to his heart and understanding to be impossible, would have been but little grateful had she been made aware of the nature of his indebtedness. And now, having made still another discovery in his life, the young man was pleased to come to Wodensbourne to think over it, and make out what it meant. And the Franklands were, as always, very kind to Colin. Miss Matty,

who had had a great many nibbles in the interval, was at length on the eve of being married. And Harry, who had nothing particular to do, and who found Wodensbourne stupid now that he was not to marry his cousin, was abroad, nobody seemed exactly to know where; and various things, not altogether joyful, had happened in the family since the far-distant age when Colin was the tutor, and had been willing for Miss Matty's sake to resign everything, if it should even be his life.

"It will be a very nice marriage," said Lady Frankland. "I will not conceal from you, Mr. Campbell, that Matty has been very thoughtless, and given us a great deal of anxiety. It is always so much more difficult, you know, when you have the charge of a girl who is not your own child. One can say anything to one's own child; but your niece, you know — and, indeed, not even your own, but your husband's niece —"

"But I am sure Miss Frankland is as much attached to you," said Colin, who did not like to hear Matty blamed, "as if" —

"Oh yes," said Lady Frankland; "but still it is different. You must not think I am the least vexed about Harry. I never thought her the proper person for Harry. He has so much feeling, though strangers do not see it; and, if he had been disappointed in his wife after they were married, fancy what my feelings would have been, Mr. Campbell. I was always sure they never would have got on together; and you know, when that is the case, it is so much better to break off at once."

"What is that you are saying about breaking off at once?" said Miss Matty, who came into the room at that moment. "It must be Mr. Campbell who is consulting you, aunt. I thought he would have asked my advice in such a case. I do believe my lady has forgotten that there ever was a time when she was not married and settled, and that is why she gives you such cruel advice. Mr. Campbell, I am much the best counsellor, and I beg of you, don't break it off at once!" said Miss Matty, looking up in his face with eyes that were half mocking and half pathetic. She knew very well it was herself whom my lady had been talking of — which made her the more disposed to send back the arrow upon Colin. But Matty, after all, was a good deal disconcerted — more disconcerted than he was, when she saw the sudden flush that came to Colin's face. Naturally, no woman likes to make the discovery that a man who has once been her worshipper has learned to transfer his affections to somebody else.

When she saw that this chance shaft had touched him, she herself was conscious of a sudden flush—a flush which had nothing whatever to do with love, but proceeded from the indescribable momentary vexation and irritation with which she regarded Colin's desertion. That he was her adorer no longer was a fact which she had consented to; but Miss Matty experienced a natural movement of indignation when she perceived that he had elevated some one else to the vacant place. "Oh, if you look like that, I shall think it quite unnecessary to advise," she said with a little spitefulness, lowering her voice.

"What do I look like?" said Colin with a smile; for Lady Frankland had withdrawn to the other end of the room, and the young man was perfectly disposed to enter upon one of the half-mocking, half-tender conversations which had given a charm to his life of old.

"What do you look like?" said Miss Matty. "Well, I think you look a great deal more like other people than you used to do; and I hate men who look like everybody else. One can generally tell a woman by her dress," said the young lady pensively; "but most men that one meets in society want to have little labels with their names on them. I never can tell any difference between one and another for my part."

"Then perhaps it would clear the haze a little if I were to name myself," said Colin. "I am Colin Campbell of Ramore, at your ladyship's service—once tutor to the learned and witty Charley, that hope of the house of Wodensbourne—and once also your ladyship's humble boatman and attendant on the Holy Loch."

"Fellow of Balliol, double-first—Coming man, and reformer of Scotland," said Miss Matty with a laugh. "Yes, I recognise you; but I am not my ladyship just yet. I am only Matty Frankland for the moment, Sir Thomas's niece, who has given my lady a great deal of trouble. Oh, yes; I know what she was saying to you. Girls who live in other people's houses know by instinct what is being said about them. Oh, to be sure, it is quite true; they have been very, very kind to me; but don't you know, it is dreadful always to feel that people are kind. Ah! how sweet it used to be on the Holy Loch. But you have forgotten one of your qualifications, Mr. Campbell; you used to be poet as well as tutor. I think, so far as I was concerned, it was the former capacity which you exercised with most applause. I have a drawer in my desk full of certain effusions; but, I suppose, now you are a

Fellow of Balliol you are too dignified for that."

"I don't see any reason why I should be," said Colin; "I was a great deal more dignified, for that matter, when I was eighteen, and a student at Glasgow College, and had very much more lofty expectations then than now."

"Oh, you always were devoted to the Kirk," said Miss Matty; "which was a thing I never could understand—and now less than ever, when everybody knows that a man who has taken such honours as you have, has everything open to him."

"Yes," said Colin; "but then what everybody knows is a little vague. I should like to know of any one thing that really is open to me except taking pupils. Of course," said the young man, with dignity, "my mind is made up long ago, and my profession fixed; but for the good of other people in my position—and for my own good as well," Colin added with a laugh—"for you know it is pleasant to feel one's self a martyr, rejecting every sort of advantage for duty's sake."

"Oh, but of course it is quite true," said Matty; "you are giving up everything—of course it is true. You know you might go into Parliament, or you might go into the Church, or you might—I wish you would speak to my uncle about it; I suppose he knows. For my part, I think you should go into Parliament; I should read all your speeches faithfully, and always be on your side."

"That is a great inducement," said Colin. "With that certainty one could face a great many obstacles. But, on the other hand, when I have settled down somewhere in my own profession, you can come and hear me preach."

"That will not be half so interesting," said Miss Matty, making a little *moue* of disdain; "but, now, tell me," she continued, sinking her voice to its most confidential tone, "what was that made you look so?—you know we are *very* old friends," said Miss Matty, with the least little tender touch of pathos; "we have done such quantities of things together—rowed on the Holy Loch, and walked in the woods, and discussed Tennyson, and amused Sir Thomas—you *ought* to tell me your secrets; you don't know what a good *confidante* I should be, and if I know the lady—But, at all events, you must tell me what made you look so?" said with her sweetest tone of inquisitive sympathy, the siren of Colin's youth.

"Perhaps—when you have explained

to me what it means to look *so*," said Colin; "after being buried for three years one forgets that little language. And then I am disposed to deny ever having looked *so*," he went on, laughing; but, notwithstanding his laugh, Colin was much more annoyed than became his reasonable years and new dignities to feel once more that absurd crimson rising to his hair. The more he laughed the higher rose that guilty and conscious colour; and, as for Miss Matty, she pointed her little pink finger at him with an air of triumph.

"There!" she said, "and you dare to pretend that you never looked *so*! I shall be quite vexed now if you don't tell me. If it was not something very serious," said Miss Matty, "you would not change like *that*."

"Here is Sir Thomas; he will never accuse me of looking *so*, or changing like *that*—and it is a guest's first duty to make himself agreeable to his host, is it not?" said Colin, who was rather glad of Sir Thomas's arrival. As for Matty, she was conscious that Lady Frankland had given her what she would have called "a look" before leaving the room, and that her uncle regarded her with a little anxiety as he approached. Decidedly, though she liked talking to Colin, it was necessary to be less confidential. "I won't say *au revoir*," she said, shrugging her pretty shoulders; "you know what you said about that once upon a time, when you were a poet." And then Matty felt a little sorry for herself as she went away. "They might know, if they had any sense, that it does not matter in the least what I say to *him*," the young lady said to herself; but then she was only suffering the natural penalty of a long course of conquest, and several good matches sacrificed, and matters were serious this time, and not to be trifled with. Miss Matty accordingly gave up her researches into Colin's secret; but not the less regarded, with a certain degree of lively despite, the revelation out of the clouds of that unknown woman at thought of whom Colin blushed. "I dare say it is somebody quite stupid, who does not understand him a bit," she said to herself, taking a little comfort from the thought—for Matty Frankland was not a model woman, desiring only the hero's happiness; and a man who is sufficiently insensible to console himself under such circumstances with another attachment deserves to have his inconstancy punished, as anybody will allow.

To tell the truth, Colin, though guiltless of any breach of allegiance towards Matty, was punished sufficiently for his second at-

tempt at love. He had heard nothing of Alice all these three years, but, notwithstanding, had never ceased to feel upon his neck that invisible bridle which restrained him against his will. Perhaps, if the woman of his imagination had ever fairly revealed herself, the sight would have given him courage to break for ever such a visionary bond, and to take possession of his natural liberty; but she contented herself with waving to him those airy salutations out of the clouds, and with now and then throwing a glance at him out of the eyes of some passer-by, who either disappeared at once from his sight, or turned out upon examination to be utterly unlike that not impossible She; and Colin had two sentinels to keep watch upon his honour in the forms of his mother and Lauderdale, both of whom believed in Love, and did not know what inconstancy meant. He said to himself often enough that the struggle in his heart was not inconstancy; but then he was not a man who would admit to them, or even to himself, that the bond between him and Alice was a great and tender pity, and not love. She had been on the eve of becoming his wife—she might be his wife still for anything he knew to the contrary—and Colin, who in this respect was spotless as any Bayard, would not, even to his dearest friends, humiliate by such a confession the woman he had once sought to marry.

But now the time was almost come when he could in reality "settle in life." His Scotch parish came nearer and nearer, in the natural course of affairs, without any dazzling obstacles and temptations between it and himself, as he had once hoped; and Alice was of age by this time; and honour seemed to demand that, now when his proposal really meant something, he should offer to her the possibility of confirming her early choice. But somehow Colin was not at all anxious to take this step; he hung back, and nursed the liberty which still remained to him, and longed, in spite of himself, towards the visionary creature of his dreams, who was not Alice. Accordingly, he had two rather troublesome matters to think over at Wodensbourne, and occupied a position which was made all the more vexatious because it was at the same time amusing and ridiculous. His mind had been made up from the beginning as to his future life, as he truly said; but then he had quite intended it to be a sacrifice which he made out of his supreme love for his Church and his country. He meant to have fought his way back to the venerable mother through every sort of brilliant temptation, and to



carry his honours to her with a disinterested love which he should prove by leaving behind him still higher honours and ambitions; whereas, in reality, the world was permitting him to return very quietly to his native country as if it was the most natural thing in the world. The disappointment was perhaps harsher in its way than if Colin had meant to avail himself of those splendid imaginary chances; and it did not make it any the less hard to bear that he himself saw the humour of the situation, and could not but laugh grimly at himself. Perhaps Colin will suffer in the opinion of the readers of this history when we add that, notwithstanding the perplexing and critical character of the conjuncture, and notwithstanding the other complication in his history in regard of Alice, he employed his leisure at Wodensbourne, after the interview we have recorded, in writing verses for Miss Matty. It was true she had challenged him to some such task, but still it was undoubtedly a weakness on the part of a man with so much to think of. Truth, however, compels his historian to confess to this frivolity. As he strayed about the flat country, and through the park, the leisure in which he had intended to think over his position only betrayed him to this preposterous idleness—for, to be sure, life generally arranges itself its own way without much help from thinking; but one cannot succeed in writing a farewell to a first love, for whom one retains a certain kindness, without a due attention to one's rhymes:

Underneath we give the last copy of nonsense-verses which Colin was seduced into writing, though the chief interest they possess is chronological as marking the end of the period of life in which a man can express himself in this medium. As for Miss Matty, to tell the truth, she received them with less of her usual good grace than might have been desired; for, though in her own person she was perfectly reconciled to the loss of his devotion, and quite safe in entertaining the mildest sentiments of friendship, still she was naturally vexed a little to see how he had got over it—which was a thing not to be expected, nor perhaps desired. This, however, was the calm and self-controlled tone of Colin's farewell:—

"Be it softly, slowly said,  
With a smile and with a sigh,  
As life's noiseless hands untie  
Links that youth has made —  
Not with sorrow or with tears:  
With a sigh for those sweet years,  
Drawing slow apart the while;  
For those sweetest years a smile.

Thus farewell! The sound is sweet;  
Parting leaves no sting behind;  
One bright chamber of the mind  
Closing gracious and complete,  
Softly shut the silent door;  
Never shade can enter more —  
Safe, for what is o'er can last;  
Somewhat sad, for it is past.

So farewell! The accents blend  
With sweet sounds of life to be;  
Never could there dawn for me  
Hope of any dearer end.  
Dear it is afar to greet  
The bright path before thy feet,  
Thoughts that do thy joy no wrong  
Chiming soft the even-song,  
Till morn wakes the bridal bell  
Fair and sweet, farewell! farewell!"

and this was the sole result, as far as anybody was aware, of Colin's brief but pleasant holiday at Wodensbourne.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

It is so difficult a matter to tell the story of a man's life without wearying the audience, that we will make a leap over all the circumstances of Colin's probation in Scotland, though they were sufficiently amusing. For, naturally, the presbytery of Glen-Diarmid—in which district the Holy Loch, Colin's native parish, is situated—were a little at a loss what to make of a Fellow of Balliol when he offered himself for license. To be sure, they made a long pause over the fact of his Fellowship, which implied that he was a member of the Church of England; but the presbytery permitted Colin to be heard in defence, and he had friends among them, and had sufficient skill with his weapons to perplex and defeat any rising antagonist. Besides, it was not in the nature of a country presbytery in this tolerant age to be otherwise than a little proud of the academical honours which the young neophyte bore. "If we accept any lout who comes up for license, and refuse a lad of his attainments, what do you suppose the world will think of us?" said one of the more enlightened members of the clerical court, forgetting, as was natural, that the world concerned itself very little with the doings of the presbytery of Glen-Diarmid. "It's safe to leave all that to the objectors when he comes to be placed," said another of Colin's judges, more wary than his brother; "if he's not sound, you may trust it to them to find that out,"—and the young man was accordingly endowed with

the preliminary privileges of preacher, and licensed to exercise his gift. Colin had made friends all along the road of his life, as some men are happy enough to do, and had many who would have been pleased to do him a service, and one, as it happened, who at this juncture could; and so it befell that, a very short time after, the second and more serious trial to which the prudent presbyter had referred came into the life of the young preacher. He was presented, as people say in Scotland, to the parish of Lafton, in the country, or, as the natives prefer to call it, the kingdom of Fife. It was a good living enough, making up, when the harvest was of average productiveness, and wheat steady, rather more than three hundred pounds a year—and more than that when the harvest was bad and the price of corn high;—and there was an excellent manse, not much inferior to an English parsonage, and a compact little comfortable glebe, of which a minister of agricultural tastes might make something if he chose; and, above all, there were “heritors” of good conditions, and a university town, of small dimensions but wealthy in point of society, within reach—all of which points seemed to Colin’s English friends a fabulous combination of advantages to be found in a Scotch parish. Colin, however, did not fully describe the horrible gulf which lay between him and his benefice to anybody out of Scotland; for he was not the man to betray the imperfections of his beloved country, even while he suffered from them. His historian, however, does not require to exercise so much delicacy; and, as Colin’s case was exactly the same as that of any other young clergyman in the Church of Scotland, there is no betrayal of confidence involved. Between him and that haven there was a channel to cross before which the boldest might have quailed. The parish of Lafton was a large parish, and there were seven hundred and fifty people in it who had a right to “object” to Colin. They had a right to object, if they liked, to his looks, or his manners, or his doctrines, or the colour of his hair; they had a right to investigate all his life, and make a complaint at “the bar of the presbytery”—which meant, at the same time, in all the local newspapers, eager for any kind of gossip—that he had once been guilty of bird’s nesting, or had heard the midnight chimes at some unguarded moment of his youth. When Colin entered the pulpit for the first time in the parish to which he was presented, he made his appearance there not to instruct the congregation, but to be inspected,

watched, judged, and finally objected to—and all the process was vigorously enforced in his case. For, to be sure, there were several things to be remarked in this young man—or, as the people of Lafton expressed it, “this new laud”—which were out of the way, and unlike other people. He was a lad that had not found Scotch education good enough for him, but had gone to England for at least part of his training. To be sure, he had partly made up for this by taking the highest honours possible, and coming out of the contest in a manner creditable to Scotland—which was a point in his favour. And then his prayers (which was odd, as Colin was decidedly a liturgist) were wanting in those stock expressions which, more pertinacious than any liturgy, haunt the public prayers of the ordinary ministers of the Church of Scotland; and his sermons were short and innoent of divisions, and of a tenor totally unlike what the respectable parishioners had been used to hear. Some of the shrewder elders were of opinion that this or that expression “might mean anything”—a conclusion in which there was a certain truth, for Colin, as we have said, was not perfectly clear on all points as to what he believed. If he was not altogether heterodox on the subject of eternal punishment, for example, he was, to say the least, extremely vague; and, indeed, deserted doctrinal ground altogether as often as he could, and took refuge in life and its necessities in a way which doubtless had its effect on the uninstructed multitude, but was felt to be meagre and unsatisfactory to the theologians of the parish. Two or three public meetings were held on the subject before it was time to lodge the final objections against the “presentee;” and Colin himself, who was living at St. Rule’s, within a few miles of the theatre of war, naturally found those meetings, and the speeches thereat, which appeared in the *Fife Argus*, much less amusing than an impartial spectator might have done. And then the same enlightened journal contained all sorts of letters on the subject—letters in which “An Onlooker” asked whether the Rev. Mr. Campbell, who was presentee to the parish of Lafton, was the same Mr. Campbell who had passed a spring at Rome three or four years before, and had been noted for his leaning to the Papacy and its superstitious observances; while, on the other hand, “A Fife Elder” implored the parishioners to take notice that the man whom an Erastian patron—not himself a member of the Church, and perhaps unaware how dearly the spiritual privileges pur-

chased by the blood of their martyred forefathers are regarded by Scotsmen — thus endeavoured to force upon them was notoriously a disciple of Jowett, and belonged to the most insidious school of modern infidelity. It was the main body of the opposing army which made such attacks; but there was no lack of skirmishers, who treated the subject in a lighter manner, and addressed the obliging editor in a familiar and playful fashion: — “Sir, — Having nothing better to do last Sunday morning, I strayed into the parish church of Lafton, with the intention of worshipping with the congregation; but you may judge of my surprise when I observed ascending the pulpit-stairs a young gentleman presenting all the appearance of a London swell or a cavalry officer, with a beard upon which it was evident he had spent more time than on his sermon” — wrote a witty correspondent; while another indignant Scot demanded solemnly, “Is it to be tolerated that our very pulpits should be invaded by the scum of the English Universities, inexperienced lads that make a hash of the Prayer-book, and preach sermons that may do very well on the other side of the Tweed, but won’t go down here?”

Such were the pleasant effusions with which Colin’s friend at St. Rule’s amused his guest at breakfast. They were very amusing to a spectator safely established in the Elysian fields of a Scotch professorship, and beyond the reach of objections; but they were not amusing, to speak of, to Colin; and the effect they produced upon the household at Ramore may be faintly imagined by the general public, as it will be vividly realized by such Scotch families as have sons in the Church. The Mistress had said to herself, with a certain placid thankfulness, “It’s little they can have to say about my Colin, that has been aye the best and the kindest.” But when she saw how much could be made of nothing, the indignation of Colin’s mother did not prevent her from being wounded to the heart. “I will never mair believe either in justice or charity,” she said, with a thrill of wrath in her voice which had never before been heard at Ramore; “him that was aye so true and faithful — him that has aye served his Master first, and made no account of this world!” And, indeed, though his mother’s estimate of him might be a little too favourable, it is certain that few men more entirely devoted to his work than Colin had ever taken upon them the cure of souls. That, however, was a matter beyond the ken of the congregation and parish of Lafton. There

were seven hundred and fifty communicants, and they had been well trained in doctrine under their late minister, and had a high character for intelligence; and, when an opportunity thus happily arrived for distinguishing themselves, it was not in human nature to neglect it. Had not West Port worried to the point of extinction three unhappy men whom the Crown itself had successively elevated to the unenviable distinction of presentee? The Lafton case now occupied the newspapers as the West Port case had once occupied them. It combined all the attractions of a theological controversy and a personal investigation; and, indeed, there could have been few better points of view for observing the humours of Scotch character and the peculiarities of rural Scotch society of the humbler levels; only that, as we have before said, the process was not so amusing as it might have been to Colin and his friends.

“Me ken Mr. Jowett?” said the leading weaver of Lafton; “no, I ken nothing about him. I’m no prepared to say what he believes. For that matter (but this was drawn out by cross-examination), I’m no just prepared to say at a moment’s notice what I believè myself. I believe in the Confession of Faith and the Shorter Catechism. No, I cannot just say that I’ve ever read the Confession of Faith — but eh, man, you ken little about parish schools if you think I dinna ken the Catechism. Can I say ‘What is Effectual Calling’? I would like to know what right you have to ask me. I’ll say it at a proper time, to them that have a title to ask. I’m here to put in my objections against the presentee. I’m no here to say my questions. If I was, may be I would ken them better than you.”

“Very well; but I want to understand what you know about Mr. Jowett,” said the counsel for the defence.

“I’ve said already I ken naething about Mr. Jowett. Lord bless me! it’s no a man, it’s a principle we’re thinking of. No, I deny that; it’s no an oath. ‘Lord bless me!’ is a prayer, if you will be at the bottom o’t. We’ve a’ muckle need to say that. I say the presentee is of the Jowett school of infidelity; and that’s the objection I’m here to support.”

“But, my friend,” said a member of the presbytery, “it is necessary that you should be more precise. It is necessary to say, you know, that Mr. Jowett rejects revelation; that he” —

“Moderator, I call my reverend brother to order,” said another minister; “the witness is here to give evidence about Mr.

Campbell. No doubt he is prepared to show us how the presentee has proved himself to belong to the Jowett school."

"Oh ay," said the witness; "there's plenty evidence of that. I took notes myself of a' the sermons. Here's one of them. It's maybe a wee in my ain words, but there's nae change in the sense,—'My freends, it's aye best to look after your ain business: it's awfu' easy to condemn others. We're all the children of the Heavenly Father. I have seen devotion among a wheen poor uninstructed Papists that would put the best of you to shame'—No, that's no what I was looking for; that's the latitudinarian bit."

"I think it has been said, among other things," said another member of the presbytery, "that Mr. Campbell had a leaning towards papal error; it appears to me that the witness's note is almost a proof of that."

"Moderator," said Colin's counsel, "I beg to call your attention to the fact that we are not discussing the presentee's leaning towards papal error, but his adherence to the Jowett school of infidelity, whatever that may be. If the witness will inform us, or if any of the members of the court will inform us, what Mr. Jowett believes, we will then be able to make some reply to this part of the case."

"I dinna ken naething about Mr. Jowett," said the cautious witness. "I'm no prepared to enter into any personal question. It's no the man but the principle that we are heeding, the rest of the objectors and me."

"The witness is perfectly right," said a conscientious presbyter; "if we were tempted to enter into personal questions there would be no end to the process. My friend, the thing for you to do in this delicate matter is to lead proof. No doubt the presentee has made some statement which has led you to identify him with Mr. Jowett. He has expressed some doubts, for example, about the origin of Christianity or the truth of revelation"—

"Order, order," cried the enlightened member; "I protest against such leading questions. Indeed, it appears to me, Moderator, that it is impossible to proceed with this part of the case unless it has been made clearly apparent to the court what Mr. Jowett believes."

Upon which there naturally ensued a lively discussion in the presbytery, in which the witness was with difficulty prevented from joining. The subject was without doubt sufficiently unfathomable to keep half-a-dozen presbyteries occupied and there

were at that period, in the kingdom of Fife, men of sufficient temerity to pronounce authoritatively even upon a matter so mysterious and indefinite. The court, however, adjourned that day without coming to any decision; and even the Edinburgh papers published a report of the Lafton case, which involved so many important interests. However, an accident, quite unforeseen, occurred in Colin's favour before the next meeting of his reverend judges. It happened to one of these gentlemen to meet the great heresiarch himself, who has been known to visit Scotland. This respectable presbyter did not ask—for to be sure it was at dinner—what the stranger believed; but he asked him instead if he knew Mr. Campbell, the presentee to Lafton, who had taken a first-class at Oxford. If the answer had been too favourable, Colin's fate might have been considered as sealed. "Campbell of Balliol—oh, yes; a very interesting young man; strange compound of prejudice and enlightenment. He interested me very much," said the heresiarch: and, on that ground of objection at least, Colin was saved.

He was saved on the others also, as it happened, but more by accident than by any effect which he produced on his reluctant parishioners. By dint of repeated examinations on the model of that which we have quoted above, the presbytery came to the decision that the presentee's leaning to papal error was, like his adherence to the Jowett school of theology, not proven; and they even—for presbyteries also march to a certain extent with the age—declined to consider the milder accusation brought against him, of favouring the errors of his namesake, Mr. Campbell of Row. By this time, it is true, Colin was on the point of abandoning for ever the Church to which at a distance he had been willing to give up all his ambitions, and the Mistress was wound up to such a pitch of indignant excitement as to threaten a serious illness, and Lauderdale had publically demonstrated his wrath by attending "the English chapel," as he said, "two Sundays running." As for Colin, in the quiet of St. Rule's, feeling like a culprit on his trial, and relishing not at all the notion of being taken to pieces by the papers, even though they were merely papers of Fife, he had begun to regard with some relief the idea of going back to Balliol and reposing on his Fellowship, and even taking pupils, if nothing better came in his way. If he could have gone into Parliament, as Matty Frankland suggested, the indignant young man would have seized violently on



that means of exposing to the House and the world the miseries of a Scotch presentee and the horrors of Lord Aberdeen's Act. But, fortunately, he had no means of getting into Parliament, and a certain sense at the bottom of his heart that this priesthood which had to be entered by a channel so painful and humiliating was in reality his true vocation retained him as by a silken thread. If he had been less convinced on this point, no doubt he would have abandoned the mortifying struggle, and the parish of Lafton, having whetted its appetite upon him, would have gone freshly to work upon another unhappy young preacher, and crunched his bones with equal satisfaction; and, what is still more important to us, this history would have broken off abruptly short of its fit and necessary period. None of these misfortunes happened, because Colin had at heart a determination to make himself heard, and enter upon his natural vocation, and because, in the second place, he was independent, and did not at the present moment concern himself in the smallest degree about the stipend of the parish, whether corn was at five pounds the chaldron or five shillings. To be sure, it is contrary to the ordinary habit of biography to represent a young clergyman as entering a parish against the will or with the dislike of the inhabitants; as a general rule it is at worst; an interested curiosity, if not a lively enthusiasm, which the young parish priests of literature find in their village churches; but then it is not England or Arcadia of which we are writing, nor of an ideal curate or spotless primitive vicar, but only of Colin Campbell and the parish of Lafton, in the kingdom of Fife, in the country of Scotland, under the beneficent operation of Lord Aberdeen's Act.

However, at last the undignified combat terminated. After the objections were all disposed of, the seven hundred and fifty communicants received their minister, it is to be hoped, with the respect due to a victor. Perhaps it was a touch of disdain on Colin's part — proving how faulty the young man remained, notwithstanding, as the Mistress said, "all he had come through" — that prompted him to ascend the pulpit, after the struggle was over, with his scarlet hood glaring on his black gown to the consternation of his parishioners. It cannot be denied that this little movement of despite was an action somewhat unworthy of Colin at such a moment and in such a place; but then he was young, and it is difficult for a young man to do under all circumstances exactly what he ought. When he had got

there and opened his mouth, Colin forgot all about his scarlet hood — he forgot they had all objected to him and put him in the papers. He saw only before him a certain corner of the world in which he had to perform the highest office that is confided to man. He preached without thinking he was preaching, forgetting all about doctrines, and only remembering the wonderful bewildering life in which every soul before him had its share, the human mysteries and agonies, the heaven, so vague and distant, the need so urgent and so near. In sight of these, which had nothing to do with Lord Aberdeen's Act, Colin forgot that he had been put innocently on his trial and taken to pieces; and what was still more strange, when two or three harmless weeks had passed, the seven hundred and fifty communicants had clean forgotten it too.

## CHAPTER XLV.

But, after all, there are few trials to which a man of lofty intentions and an elevated ideal can be exposed, more severe than the entirely unexpected one which comes upon him when he has had his way, and finds himself for the first time in the much-desired position in which he can carry out all the plans of his youth. Perhaps few people arrive so completely at this point as to acknowledge it distinctly to themselves; for, to be sure, human projects and devices have a knack of expanding and undergoing a gradual change from moment to moment. Something of the kind, however, must accompany, for example, every happy marriage; though perhaps it is the woman more than the man who comes under its influence. The beautiful new world of love and goodness into which the happy bride supposes herself to be entering comes to bear after a while so extraordinary a resemblance to the ordinary mediocre world which she has quitted that the young woman stands aghast and bewildered. The happiness which has come has withdrawn a more subtle happiness, that ideal perfection of being to which she has been more or less looking forward all her life. Colin, when he had gone through all his trials, and had fairly reached the point at which the heroic and magnificent existence which he meant to live should commence, found himself very much in the same position. The young man was still in the fantastic age. To preach his sermons every Sunday, and do his necessary duty, and

take advantage of the good society at St. Rule's, did not seem a life sufficient for the new minister. What he had thought of was something impossible, a work for his country, an elevation of the national firmament, an influence which should mellow the rude goodness of Scotland, and link her again to all the solemn past, to all the good and gracious present, to all the tender lights and dawns of hope. Colin had derived from all the religious influences with which he had been brought in contact a character which was perhaps only possible to a young Scotchman and Presbyterian strongly anchored to his hereditary creed, and yet feeling all its practical deficiencies. He was High Church, though he smiled at Apostolic succession; he was Catholic, though the most gorgeous High Mass that ever was celebrated would have moved him no more than one of Verdi's operas. When other enlightened British spectators regarded with lofty superiority the poor papist people coming and going into all the tawdry little churches, and singing vespers horribly out of tune, Colin for his part looked at them with a sigh for his own country, which had ceased to recognise any good in such devotion. And all through his education, from the moment when he smiled at the prayer-book under the curate's arm at Wodensbourne, and wondered what a Scotch peasant would think of it, to the time when he studied in the same light the prelections of the University preacher in St. Mary's, Colin's thought had been, "Would I were in the field." It appeared to him that if he were but there, in all his profusion of strength and youth, he could breathe a new breath into the country he loved. What he meant to do was to untie the horrible bands of logic and knit fair links of devotion around that corner of the universe which it has always seemed possible to Scotsmen to make into a Utopia; to persuade his nation to join hands again with Christendom, to take back again the festivals and memories of Christianity, to rejoice in Christmas and sing lauds at Easter, and say common prayers with a universal voice. These were to be the outward signs; but the fact was that it was a religious revolution in Scotland at which Colin aimed. He meant to dethrone the pragmatic and arrogant preacher, whose reign has lasted so long. He meant to introduce a more humble self-estimate, and a more gracious temper into the world he swayed in imagination. From this dream Colin woke up, after the rude experience of the objectors, to find himself at the head of his seven hundred and fifty

communicants, with authority to say anything he liked to them (always limited by the knowledge that they might at any time "libel" him before the presbytery, and that the presbytery might at any time prosecute, judge, and condemn him), and to a certain extent spiritual ruler of the parish, with a right to do anything he liked in it, always subject to the approval of the Session, which could contravert him in many ingenious ways. The young man was at last in the position to which he had looked forward for years — at last his career was begun, and the course of his ambition lay clear before him. Nothing now remained but to realize all these magnificent projects, and carry out his dreams.

But the fact is that Colin, instead of plunging into his great work, stood on the threshold struck dumb and bewildered, much as a bride might do on the threshold of the new home which she had looked forward to as something superior to Paradise. The position of his dreams was obtained, but these dreams had never till now seemed actually hopeless and preposterous. When he took his place up aloft in his high pulpit, from which he regarded his people much as a man at a first-floor window might regard the passers-by below, and watched the ruddy countrymen pouring in with their hats on their heads and a noise like thunder, the first terrible blow was struck at his palace of fancy. They were different altogether from the gaping rustics at Wodensbourne, to whom that good little curate preached harmless sermons out of his low desk; about the twenty-first Sunday after Trinity, and the admirable arrangements of the Church. Colin upstairs at his first-floor window was in no harmless position. He was put up there for a certain business, which the audience down below understood as well as he did. As for prayers and psalm-singing, they were necessary preliminaries to be got over as quickly as possible. The congregation listened and made internal criticisms as the young minister said his prayers. "He's awfu' limited in his confessions," one of the elders whispered to another. "I canna think he's fathomed the nature o' sin, for my part;" and Colin was conscious by something in the atmosphere, by a certain hum and stir, that, though his people were a little grateful to find his first attempt at devotion shorter than usual, a second call upon them was regarded with a certain displeased surprise; for, to be sure, the late minister of Lafton had been of the old school. And then, this inevitable preface having been disposed of, the congregation settled

down quietly to the business of the day. Colin was young, and had kept his youthful awe of the great mysteries of faith, though he was a minister. It struck him with a sort of panic — when he looked down upon all those attentive faces, and recalled to himself the idea that he was expected to teach them, to throw new light upon all manner of doctrines, and open up the Bible, and add additional surety to the assurance already possessed by the audience — that it was a very well-instructed congregation and knew all about the system of Christian theology. It gleamed upon Colin in that terrible moment that, instead of being a predestined reformer, he was a very poor pretender indeed, and totally inadequate to the duties of the post which he had taken upon him thus rashly; for, indeed, he was not by any means so clear as most of his hearers were about the system of theology. This sudden sense of incapacity, which came upon him at the very moment when he ought to have been strongest, was a terrible waking up for Colin. He preached his sermon afterwards, but with pale lips and a heart out of which all the courage seemed to have died for the moment; and betook himself to his manse afterwards to think it all over, with a horrible sense overpowering all his faculties that, after all, he was a sham and impostor, and utterly unworthy of exercising influence upon any reasonable creature. For, to be sure, though a lofty ideal is the best thing in the world, according to its elevation is the pain and misery of the fall.

The consequence was that Colin stopped short in a kind of fright after he had made his first discovery, and that, after all his great projects, nothing in the world was heard all that winter of the young reformer. To return to our metaphor, he was silent as a young wife sometimes finds herself among the relics of her absurd youthful fancies, contemplating the ruin ruefully, and not yet fully awakened to the real possibilities of the position. During this little interval he came gradually down out of his too lofty ideas to consider the actual circumstances. When Lauderdale came to see him, which he did on the occasion of the national new-year holiday, Colin took his friend to see his church with a certain comic despair. "I have a finer chancel than that at Wodensbourne, which was the curate's object in life," said Colin; "but, if I made any fuss about it, I should be set down as an idiot; and, if any man has an imagination sufficiently lively to conceive of your ploughmen entering my church as our poor friends went into the Pantheon" —

"Dinna be unreasonable," said Lauderdale. "You were aye awfu' fantastic in your notions; what should the honest men ken about a chancel? I wouldna say that I'm just clear on the subject myself." As for the Pantheon, that was aye an awfu' delusion on your part. Our cathedral at Glasgow is an awfu' deal mair Christian-like than the Pantheon, as far as I can judge; but I wouldna say that it's an idea that ever enters my head to go there for my ain hand to say my prayers; and, as for a country kirk with naked pews and cauld stone" —

"Look at it," said Colin with an air of disgust which was comprehensible enough in a Fellow of Balliol. The church of Laffton was worth looking at. It illustrated with the most wonderful, almost comic, exactness two distinct historic periods. At one end of it was a wonderful Norman chancel, gloomy but magnificent, with its heavy and solemn arches almost as perfect as when they were completed. This chancel had been united to a church of later date (long since demolished) by a lighter and loftier pointed arch, which however, under Colin's incumbency, was filled up with a partition of wood, in which there was a little door giving admission to the church proper, the native and modern expression of ecclesiastical necessities in Scotland. This edifice was like nothing so much as a square box, encircled by a level row of windows high up in the wall, so many on each side; and there it was that Colin's lofty pulpit, up two pairs of stairs, rigidly and nakedly surveyed the rigorous lines of naked pews which traversed the unlovely area. Colin regarded this scene of his labours with a disgust so melancholy, yet so comical, that his companion, though not much given to mirth, gave forth a laugh which rang into the amazed and sombre echoes.

"Yes, it is easy enough to laugh," said Colin, who was not without a sense of the comic side of his position; "but, if it was your own church" —

"Whisht, callant," said Lauderdale, whose amusement was momentary; "if I had ever come to anything in this world, and had a kirk, I wouldna have been so fanciful. It's well for you to get your lesson written out so plain. There's nae place to speak of here for the prayers and the thanksgivings. I'm no saying but what they are the best, but that's no our manner of regarding things in Scotland. Even the man that has maist set his heart on a revolution must aye begin with things as they are. This is no' a place open at a' times to every man that has a word to say to God in quietness, like yon

Catholic chapels. It's a place for preaching; and you maun preach."

"Preach!" said Colin; "what am I to preach? What I have learned here and there, in Dichoptenburg for example, or in the Divinity Hall? and much the better they would all be for that. Besides, I don't believe in preaching, Lauderdale. Preaching never did me the least service. As for that beastly pulpit perched up there, all wood and noise as it is"—but here Colin paused, overcome by the weight of his discontent, and the giddiness natural to his terrible fall.

"Well," said Lauderdale, after a pause, "I'm no saying but what there's some justice in what you say; but I would like to hear, with your ideas, what you're meaning to do."

To which Colin answered with a groan. "Preach," he said gloomily; "there is nothing else I can do: preach them to death, I suppose: preach about everything in heaven and earth; it is all a priest is good for here."

"Ay," said Lauderdale; "and then the worst o't it is that you're no a priest, but only a minister. I wouldna say, however, but what you might pluck up a heart and go into the singing business, and maybe have a process in the presbytery about an organ; that's the form that reformation takes in our kirk, especially with young ministers that have travelled and cultivated their minds, like you. But, Colin," said the philosopher, "you've been in more places than the Divinity Hall. There was once a time when you were awfu' near dying, if a man daur say the truth now it's a' past; and there was once a bit little cham'er out yonder, between heaven and earth."

Out yonder. Lauderdale gave a little jerk with his hand, as he stood at the open door, across the grey, level country which lay between the parish church of Lafton and the sea; and the words and the gesture conveyed Colin suddenly to the lighted window that shone feebly over the campagna, and to the talk within over Meredith's deathbed. The recollection brought a wonderful change over his thoughts. He took his friend's arm in silence, when he had locked the door. "I wonder what *he* is doing," said Colin. "I wonder whether the reality has fallen short of the expectation there. If there should be no golden gates or shining streets as yet, but only another kind of life with other hopes and trials! If one could but know!"

"Ay," said Lauderdale, in a tone that Colin knew so well; and then there was a long

pause. "I'm no saying but what it's natural," said the philosopher. "It's aye awfu' hard upon a man to get his ain way; but once in a while there's one arises that can take the good of all that. You'll no make Scotland of your way of thinking, Colin; but you'll make it worth her while to have brought ye forth for a' that. As for Arthur, poor callant, I wouldna say but that his ideal may have changed a wee on the road there. I'm awfu' indifferent to the shining streets for my part; but I'm no indifferent to them that bide yonder in the silence," said Lauderdale, and then he made another pause.

"There was one now that wasna in your case," he went on; "*he* was aye pleased to teach in season and out of season. For the sake of the like of him, I'm whiles moved to hope that a's no so awfu' perfect in the other world as we think. I canna see ony ground for it in the Bible. Naething ever comes to an end in this world, callant;—and that was just what I was meaning to ask in respect to other things."

"I don't know what you mean by other things," said Colin; "that is, if you mean Miss Meredith, Lauderdale, I have heard nothing of her for years. That must be concluded to come to have an end if anything ever did. It is not for me to subject myself to rejection any more."

Upon which Lauderdale breathed out a long breath which sounded like a sigh, and was visible as well as audible in the frosty air. "It's aye weel to have your lesson written so plain," he said after a minute with that want of apparent sequence which was sometimes amusing and sometimes irritating to Colin; "it's nae disgrace to a man to do his work under strange conditions. When a lad like you has no place to work in but a pulpit, it's clear to me that God intends him to preach whether he likes it no."

And this was all the comfort Colin received, in the midst of his disenchantment and discouragement, from his dearest friend.

But before the winter was over life had naturally asserted its rights in the minds of the young minister. He had begun to stretch out his hands for his tools almost without knowing it, and to find that after all a man in a pulpit, although he has two flights of stairs to ascend to it, has a certain power in his hand. Colin found eventually, when he opened his eyes, that he had after all a great deal to say, and that even in one hour in a week it was possible to convey sundry new ideas into the rude, but not stupid, minds of his parishioners. A great many of them had that impracticable and hopeless amount of intelligence natural to a



well brought-up Scotch peasant, with opinions upon theological matters and a lofty estimate of his own powers; but withal there were many minds open and thoughtful as silence, and the fields, and much observation of the operations of nature, could make them. True, there were all the disadvantages to be encountered in Lafton which usually exist in Scotch parishes of the present generation. There was a free church at the other end of the parish very well filled, and served by a minister who was much more clear in a doctrinal point of view than Colin; and the heritors, for the most part — that is to say, the land-owners of the parish — though they were pleased to ask a Fellow of Balliol to dinner, and to show him a great deal of attention, yet drove placidly past his church every Sunday to the English chapel in St. Rule's; which is unhappily the general fortune of the National Church in Scotland. It was on this divided world that Colin looked from his high pulpit, where, at least for his hour, he had the privilege of saying what he pleased without any contradiction; and it is not to be denied that after a while the kingdom of Fife grew conscious to its extremity that in the eastern corner a man had arrived who had undoubtedly something to say. As his popularity began to rise, Colin's ambitions crept back to his heart one by one. He preached the strangest sort of baffling, unorthodox sermons, in which, however, when an adverse critic took notes, there was found to be nothing upon which in these days he could be brought to the bar of the presbytery. Thirty years ago, indeed, matters were otherwise regulated; but even presbyteries have this advantage over popes, that they do take a step forward occasionally to keep in time with their age.

This would be the proper point at which to leave Colin, if there did not exist certain natural, human prejudices on the subject which require a distinct conclusion of one kind or another. Until a man is dead, it is impossible to say what he has done, or to make any real estimate of his work; and Colin, so far from being dead, is only as yet at the commencement of his career, having taken the first steps with some success and *éclat*, and having recovered the greater part of his enthusiasm. There was, indeed, a time when his friends expected nothing else for him than that early and lovely ending which makes a biography perfect. There is

only one other ending in life, which is equally satisfactory, and, at least on the face of it, more cheerful than dying; and that, we need not say, is marriage. Accordingly, as it is impossible to pursue his course to the one end, all that we can do is to turn to the other, which, though the hero himself was not aware of it, was at that moment shadowing slowly out of the morning clouds.

It is accordingly with a feeling of relief that we turn from the little ecclesiastical world of Scotland, where we dare not put ourselves in too rigorous contact with reality, or reveal indiscreetly, without regard to the sanctity of individual confidence, what Colin is doing, to the common open air and daylight, in which he set out, all innocent and unfearing, on a summer morning, accompanied as of old by Lauderdale, upon a holiday voyage. He had not the remotest idea, any more than the readers of his history have at this moment, what was to happen to him before he came back again. He set out with all his revolutionary ideas in his mind, without pausing to think that circumstances might occur which would soften down all insurrectionary impulses on his part, and present him to the alarmed Church, not under the aspect of an irresistible agitator and reformer, but in the subdued character of a man who has given hostages to society. Colin had no thought of this downfall in his imagination when he set out. He had even amused himself with the idea of a new series of "Tracts for the Times," which might peradventure work as much commotion in the Church of Scotland as the former series had done in the Anglican communion. He went off in full force and energy with the draft of the first of these revolutionary documents in the writing-case in which he had once copied out his verses for Alice Meredith. Poor Alice Meredith! The bridle which Colin had once felt on his neck had worn by this time to such an impalpable thread that he was no longer aware of its existence; and even the woman in the clouds had passed out of his recollection for the moment, so much was he absorbed with the great work he had embarked on. Thus he set out on a pedestrian excursion, meaning to go to the English lakes, and it is hard to say where besides, in his month's holiday; and nothing in the air or in the skies gave any notice to Colin of the great event that was to befall him before he could return.

**FRENCH DEFINITION OF INGRATITUDE.** — At Rheims a will has been set aside for "ingratitude" — a cause known to the Code Napoleon. In the present instance, the ingratitude was of a very decided character, for it consisted in mur-

dering the testator. The murderer afterwards committed suicide, and then his wife, who was a joint legatee with him, claimed the property. The suit was instituted against her by the heirs-at-law, and the decree is in their favour.

From The Saturday Review.

## LITERARY EXHAUSTION.

BENEVOLENT critics are frequently distressed by the spectacle of exhausted authors — of men whose vein seems to have been worked out as completely as the coal-mines of England will, it is said, be in a few centuries. Their minds, like fields wearied by a succession of similar crops, can only bear a stunted imitation of their former produce. We speak of cases where there is no appearance of any general failure of power. A man's mind may be as vigorous as ever in all other directions, but, when he tries to reproduce the mental images which he once struck off spontaneously, the life seems to have departed from them. Words and phrases are modelled after the same patterns, and show the same characteristic turns of thought, but, even when we cannot define the special element wanting, we are sensible that mechanical contrivance is supplying the place of unprompted impulse. The general effect has somehow lost its brilliancy, although it is hard to say precisely what colours have become faint or misplaced. This disease is peculiarly incident to novelists, though not entirely unknown amongst other imaginative writers. It frequently happens that a man's first novel is also his best. In some kinds of literature, the reverse is more generally true. The mind does not become sufficiently enriched to deal fairly with some thorny questions till comparatively late in life. Lord Macaulay says that, "of all the good books now extant in the world, more than nineteen-twentieths were published after the writers had attained the age of forty." As few authors have sufficient mental continence to refrain from publishing first attempts until they have reached that age, it would follow that most first attempts have been failures, and that the maximum of success has been slowly gained. This, indeed, is almost necessarily the case in many studies. No young man can possibly write a good history. If the accumulated masses of facts which have to be stored away in an historian's memory could be forced into a man's mind by the time he was thirty, he would be made imbecile in the process. It is not an easy thing for any man to be a walking dictionary of dates with impunity; but to turn the youthful mind into an asylum for miscellaneous information before it is properly trained and hardened is absolutely fatal. The intellect cannot properly assimilate its food if it is supplied too quickly; crude lumps of indigestible facts are the worst possible diet. This is illustrated by

the immense importance of even the smallest practical experience to an historian. Gibbon learnt useful lessons as an officer in the militia and as a silent member of Parliament; and Lord Macaulay's political life doubtless added, in general power and in force of style, enough to compensate for the time stolen from the labour of acquiring facts. To have helped to make history is the best of all preparatory training for writing history. Hence, an historian is a plant of slow growth; he can hardly acquire the knowledge or the power of using it till he has outgrown his youthful notions, and, so long as he retains the vigour of his mind, he may probably continue to improve. The same is even more conspicuous in purely scientific studies; few minds can secrete enough thought upon mathematics or chemistry to reach untrodden ground at an early age. Sir Isaac Newton could make great discoveries by the time he was twenty-two; but, as the bounds of science expand, the distance to be crossed before reaching unknown territory must every day require a longer period of probation. In these, and in many other cases, we should therefore be disposed to accept the accuracy of Lord Macaulay's assertion.

In purely imaginative literature, the case might be expected to be different. When the mind has to supply its own materials, instead of working upon materials supplied to it, we naturally expect that the harvest will come earlier and exhaustion follow sooner. We can, however, quote many instances to prove that the greatest poems and the greatest fictions in our literature have been produced at a ripe age. Thus *Macbeth* and *Othello* may be advantageously compared with the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Paradise Lost* with *Comus* or *Lycidas*. Spenser was nearly forty when the *Faery Queen* was published; Dryden wrote *Absalom* and *Achitophel* at fifty; and Pope's most vigorous satires were all written after he was forty. In more modern times, it is true that Shelley, Keats, and Byron all distinguished themselves at an age when many of our earlier poets were still in the chrysalis stage. We can, however, only speculate on the works they might have written if their lives had been prolonged. If we turn to novelists, the greatest of our older writers seem to have flowered late. De Foe did not take to writing novels till he was fifty-eight. Fielding was over forty when he wrote *Tom Jones*, and Richardson near sixty when he wrote *Clarissa Harlowe*. The two last volumes of *Waverley* were written in 1814, when Scott was forty-

three, and therefore the whole of the most readable series of novels in existence were written at a still later age. It would be hard to discover names of equal weight to place in the opposite scale. It would therefore seem that the power of writing novels is not, as a rule, fully developed in youth. Indeed, if a novel forms the vehicle for conveying the writer's experience of life and manners, it could not well be otherwise. It can seldom be worth our while to contemplate the purely imaginary picture of the world which a young man has constructed out of his inner consciousness. Whatever may be the form taken by such youthful writings, they are in substance a mere expression of sentiment; they are a record of feeling, which is sometimes pleasant because it is contagious, but beyond a very narrow circle of observation they cannot be of much interest. Miss Brontë contrived to elaborate a very good novel out of her own experience at school, and in Brussels; but there is an obvious limit to the quantity of generally interesting story to be extracted from the life of one young lady, even though she be a young lady of extraordinary ability. When Miss Brontë drew upon her fancy for heroes who were outside her range of experience, they became mere conventional lay figures. If she had continued to write without a larger stock of observation, she must very soon have exhausted her resources. The interest which she actually excites is, in fact, due to the exhibition of her own idiosyncrasies of mind and character; we see the workings of her own intellect concealed behind a very thin veil of fiction. Another example of the class of novel which comes within the capacity of a young man may be found in *Pickwick*. Mr. Dickens has, in the opinion of most people, never again reached the excellence of this very early performance. The peculiar charm of *Pickwick* is obviously of a nature only to be supplied in a man's youth. The observation of external circumstances, and especially of odd and whimsical circumstances, is undoubtedly of wonderful keenness. But this alone goes a very short way. It communicates a certain superficial brilliance to the story, but it does not penetrate deeply enough to produce a sense of really good workmanship. The book will not, in this respect, stand the test of close inspection. We become too quickly aware that the inferior characters are mere names of certain personified absurdities, and even the inimitable Sam Weller begins to fade into a shadowy unsubstantial form when too rigorously investi-

gated. The charm of which we speak is due simply to exuberant animal spirits, associated with great natural powers of humour. No man could be in the state of intellectual exhilaration necessary for writing after the fashion of *Pickwick* after he was thirty. He might possess more delicate humour, and have a much wider stock of observation; but the unflagging vigour which converted everything that met his eyes into matter for inextinguishable laughter could hardly be expected to survive. An imitation of the book would resemble the contortions of an old gentleman trying to join in the games of a schoolboy. Such writing requires a literary essence which is only secreted at a particular time of life; and if a man owes his success to this peculiar faculty, his works will probably become more colorless as he grows older. He may possess the necessary faculties for gaining equal success by a different road; but it is rare to find united in one man the talents of distinct orders, and still rarer to find the resolution to use them. Few men have strength of mind enough to resist the temptation of encountering the most dangerous of rivals in their own former works. The constant failures to repeat an old victory by the old means never seem to deter any one; no human action can be predicted with more certainty than that, when a man has written one good novel, he will try to write another novel, relying for success upon exactly the same merits.

There is another cause for the common phenomenon of one good novel followed by a series of bad ones, growing gradually fainter, like repeated echoes. The didactic form of novel is frequently adopted by persons who have got only one thing to say. Bad as didactic novels generally are, it is not impossible to mention tolerably good ones in cases where the writer is giving the results of some special experience. Even the description of the life of a schoolboy—a description, too, with a moral purpose—has afforded matter for one really good modern novel. At the first attempt, the writer seizes the most appropriate form for conveying the desired doctrine. At his next, he finds his own success in his way. He has to repeat his one remark, not with the simple object of putting it as forcibly as possible, but with the hampering condition of putting it as differently as may be from his first effort. He is always afraid of slipping back into the old grooves. It is not to be wondered at if the attempt generally ends in a very awkward and constrained piece of literary handiwork. We

need not stop to investigate other causes of failure in second attempts, such as the lapse into mere respectability of writers who, in the democratic period of life, caricature abuses with a vigour which is wanting in their attempts to flatter the powers that be; or the simple case of a man tempted by success to write faster than he can think, when the break-down which follows requires no explanation. It seems that, as a general rule, the advantages possessed by a young man are more than counterbalanced by the danger of more rapid exhaustion. A certain freshness of effect may be produced which cannot be reached later in life, and a work which depends entirely upon this is not likely to have very deep roots. Successive generations of readers find it more difficult to sympathize in the feelings of the writer. They miss many of the refinements which most forcibly appeal to his contemporaries. As the merely contagious influence becomes more difficult to convey to distant minds, they begin to feel the want of more solid merits. It is thus probably true of novels as of other forms of literature, that a good deal of preparatory cultivation is required for the finest growths, and the subsequent fertility is likely to be greater in proportion. A man who begins to write at the age of forty, like Sir Walter Scott and Fielding, is not so likely to fall into the fatal error of self-imitation: he has accumulated a varied stock of thought, which will enable him, if so disposed, to write continuously for some time without exhaustion; and to write continuously appears to be the inevitable lot of all successful novelists. They seem to be doomed to eternally spin a thread of fiction, however

much it may fall off in quality. Whether it is not somewhat degrading for a man to be telling stories after he is forty is a question which every one must answer for himself. If it were a subject for legislation, there would be a subsidiary advantage in forbidding the practice before that age, in the diminished danger of the country being absolutely swamped by novels. Another law should be passed forbidding any man to write more than one novel in his life, or, at any rate, to trespass a second time upon ground already accupied by himself. We should lose a few good works. On the other hand, we should be free from the humiliating spectacle of a great writer incessantly working up old stuff into new forms, and the writers themselves would escape much vexation.

We have spoken chiefly of novels, because they seem from experience to be the most exhausting of literary crops. The reason is to be found in the popular theory that a novel is purely a work of fiction. It is generally supposed to be a kind of monstrous production which is produced by spontaneous generation. Unlike all other writings, it is created out of nothing, or at least an indefinitely small quantity of material may be worked up into an indefinitely great quantity of the finished commodity. If it were generally understood that a novel is merely an autobiography, or a description of personal experience in disguise, authors would be made modest in their exactions from themselves and from us. They would realize the simple fact that you cannot keep a fire burning to any purpose without an abundant supply of new fuel.

**CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF LEAVES.** — At the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences, a paper was received from M. Gueymard, on the question whether the leaves of trees are good for manure? which he answers in the affirmative, because forest trees as well as copse wood receive no other manure but the leaves that fall and rot on the spot, and if these leaves were removed every year vegetation would diminish considerably in the forest. To ascertain what may be the proportion of active elements for manure in the leaves of trees and vegetables in general, M. Gueymard took 100 gms. of leaves in a dry state, and, after incineration, ascertained by analysis the composition of the residue, arranging the numbers thus found in a table. From his researches it appears that the dead leaves of the

potato plant, if spread out in successive layers, alternating with stable manure and left to ferment so, will make a very powerful manure. Leaves of any kind should never be incinerated for the purpose of using the ashes for manure, since thereby all the soluble salts would be set at liberty and carried off by the first rains. Leaves and similar vegetable substances are slow of decomposition, and, therefore, when used for manure, render the soil bibulous and open to the action of air and water; the roots of the plant grow and spread with ease, and even the worst soil improves. For corn of all kinds those residues of plants should be selected as yield the largest quantity of phosphates. — *Galignani.*



From The Saturday Review.

## AMERICAN WIT.

MR. CARLYLE once asked Mr. Emerson, as the Yankee Jean Paul Richter relates, what was there in the life or literature of the States that was original—what purely American result had been the outcome of the new institutions of the New World?

Mr. Emerson admitted, of course, that the democracy, the inventiveness, the audacity, were only European ideas "produced," and for a time was silent. Then, notwithstanding the anticipated scorn of his interlocutor, he said that there was a small sect lately arisen, called "Non-Resistants," who determined to carry out to the letter in daily life the Christian doctrine of "when they smite you on the one cheek," &c.; that, he said, was the one purely American doctrine, and worthy to be the creed of a great nation. Read by the light of present events, when Mr. Emerson himself sounds the war-trumpet, the anecdote suggests that the "one" American idea is not in a very fair way of being realized. But the philosopher of Boston might have put in another claim, and with much more validity. Whatever else the Americans have not, they do possess a thoroughly peculiar national wit. The word "humour" is not exactly applicable to it, for it often wants geniality and breadth; but it has the dry flame of real wit. Of course, much of it is based on exaggeration; but to exaggerate truly—that is, to exaggerate not wildly, as a mere liar does, but in the direct line of the fact, on the basis, as it were, of what is—requires imagination. One of the best Yankee exaggerations had the "honour," so to speak, of figuring in one of Mr. Lincoln's State-papers, if indeed the joke was not the more respectable of the two. The President spoke of the Mississippi gunboats of draught so light that they "could float wherever the ground was a little damp."

That the continual current of American jokes has not been stopped during the war is natural enough. The Northerners have never loved the war for itself, and have never gone into it heart and soul, as soldiers or lovers of martial deeds. They accept it resolutely enough as a means of saving the Union, but they do not glory in it as we have gloried in the battles of the Peninsula or in the Crimean war. Hence their readiness to make jokes on what one would naturally regard as too serious a subject for pleasantry. We never treated lightly our Indian mutiny, nor did our forefathers ever laugh at the great colonial revolt; but then we have not Yankee *esprit*, nor the recklessness which is

its root. One advantage which the Americans now have in national joking is the possession of a President who is not only the First Magistrate, but the Chief Joker, of the land. Many collections of American jests are advertised as containing "Mr. Lincoln's latest jokes," and some of his stories are certainly good. Some of them are "in his earlier manner," when as yet coercion was not considered essential to the dignity of the North:—

I once knew a good, sound Churchman, whom we'll call Brown, who was on a committee to erect a bridge over a very dangerous and rapid river; architect after architect failed, and at last Brown said he had a friend named Jones who had built several bridges and could build this. "Let's have him, sir," said the committee. In came Jones. "Can you build this bridge, sir?" "Yes," replied Jones; "I would build a bridge to the infernal regions if necessary." The sober committee were horrified; but when Jones retired, Brown thought it but fair to defend his friend. "I know Jones so well," said he, "and he is so honest a man, and so good an architect, that if he states soberly and positively that he can build a bridge to Hades—why, I believe it. But I have my doubts about the abutment on the infernal side." "So," Lincoln added, "when politicians said they could harmonize the Northern and Southern wings of the democracy, why, I believed them. But I had my doubts about the abutment on the Southern side."

We doubt whether Mr. Lincoln is more sure even now of the abutment; but at all events he, as Pontifex Maximus of the land, works as if he were, and while his half of the bridge holds up he will probably go on. But this story—one of many such—indicates, what all readers must have observed, that the basis of nearly all American wit is irreverence. To call Niagara "a water-privilege," to speak lightly of the most serious events—to treat alligators, lightning, big rivers, trackless mountains, as mere material for jest—is natural enough, for in real life all these things have been actually faced by the lanky lean-visaged pioneers who have given out their dry daring jokes with smileless lips amid swamp fever, starvation, and death itself. Besides this, the Americans of the North have a startling readiness to treat with jesting familiarity even the most sacred themes. That their professed wits should do so is, of course, not strange, for religious subjects have again and again provoked the irreverence of professional jokers. But American oratory, literature, and conversation are full of familiar and jocose allusions to matters that other men habitually treat with gravity, and that

the Americans themselves sincerely respect. It might be "to consider too curiously" to trace back this American characteristic to its origin, but it is not difficult to see whence it has come. The Puritan element is still strong in the more vital forces of American life and society; in fact, Puritanism, in one shape or another, is the dominant idea of the North. To the founders of New England the historical characters of the Old Testament were not literary shadows, but men given as exemplars. God was to them "a present Deity"; a "special Providence" was even at their side; peculiar mercies were showered in their path. This stamped their life, their literature, their acts, their words, with a religion actual, vivid, solid, full of fact. They spoke of Jehovah and Christ, of Heaven and Hell, of Death and the Judgment, as they would of the serious familiar facts of daily life — as they spoke of their long barn, or their fifteen-acre field, or their new clearing. The Devil was as real as the Red Indian, and was spoken of in much the same way, as a real living enemy haunting New England, to be met, and, if possible, overcome. Puritanism in its day, in our own country, was much the same thing; in its literature we find allusions which even Mr. Spurgeon would think coarse, and passages which perhaps the *Record* would hesitate to print. The American irreverence that translates the Bible into newspaper jokes is therefore descended, on one side, from the fearless Puritan handling of religious names, thoughts, and facts; but, on the other side, it is derived from the audacious, wild-cat Yankee spirit evoked by New World facts. Men who have had to encounter the hardships and perils of blackwood life, must, above all things, have courage; and the courage that habitually faces danger, discomfort, rough life, gouging, bowie-knives, and free fights, soon becomes recklessness. Take your Puritan, with his constant dragging in of religious words and ideas into daily life; keep him for years far from the "means of grace," as prayer-meetings are called; give him, instead of imaginary wrestlings with Satan, some tough fights with grisly bears; show him chances of cheating Red Indians, of larrupping niggers, of "striking a trade" with a Yankee less keen than himself; and you have, as the result, an odd mongrel — one-third Fifth Monarchy, one-third Red Indian, one-third Joe Miller, with the "Bible twang"; grave, lantern-jawed, and lean, like the aborigines; with the old English love of humour, but humour dried, cut into slips, and preserved — English beef "jerked," with a peculiar flavour of its own.

When Bishop Simpson of Pennsylvania said that "God could not do without America," we had the quintessence of the Yankee Puritan. It came out in another shape when the *New York Herald*, wishing to monopolize the telegraph wires that it might have the first announcement of the Prince of Wales's landing at Halifax, instructed its reporter to engage them three hours in advance, and "send on the Book of Job." The *New York Saturday journals* testify abundantly to this free handling of religion; we have all the churches advertising against one another with a zeal from which our theatrical lessees might take a lesson. Dr. Cheever preaches "the Franks of harmless Mirth in the Time of Mansoul"; Miss Antoinette L. Brown "orates" on "Men and Women" (for the lions have turned painters at last); while a Mr. Armitage, in rather mean revenge, intimates a lecture on "the Character of Eve." The Church in Forty-first Street advertises "good singing and a cordial welcome to all strangers"; while "Samuel Sheffield Snow, Herald of the Kingdom of God," promises "the sure word of prophecy" in Hope Chapel, Broadway. Another church heads its advertisement with "Take Notice! No Sectarianism, no Politics in the Pulpit, but the Gospel alone" — evidently a side hit at that shining light Mr. Henry Ward Beecher. In Second Street Church, "The New York Praying Band, Samuel Halstead, Esq., Leader, will conduct the Services." How the band is drilled or organized, whether it goes from church to church, or will "execute orders at the shortest notice," we do not know; but it is, at all events, a fact duly advertised in the latest journals of New York. Here we have the Puritan familiarity without the intention of irreverence; but we have the same changed into a camp joke in the story of the Colonel (reprinted in all the American papers about a year ago) who, hearing from his Baptist chaplain that there had been ten conversions in a rival regiment, exclaimed, "Do you say so? Sergeant Jones! detail fifteen men of my regiment for immediate baptism." There is another story — invented of course — indicating a recklessness in profanity that it is difficult to characterize. It is stated that, after the battle of Chattanooga, a chaplain — dressed probably as unclerically as army chaplains on actual service generally are — knelt by the side of a dying soldier, and abruptly asked, "My man, do you know who died for you?" The Yankee soldier opened his eyes and replied, "Wal now, stranger,

I guess this is not a time for asking conundrums." Writers and readers who could manufacture and relish such a jest must have ideas of propriety which it is very hard for Englishmen to understand.

Some of the American jokes issued during the war have one advantage—they date themselves. For instance, the man who claims exemption because he is a "negro, a minister, over age, a British subject, and an habitual drunkard," evidently invented the excuses during the first draft, when these things were disqualifications. In later drafts, both ministers and negroes were expressly included, and there is not the least doubt that British subjects, persons over age, and habitual drunkards, were actually, if not formally, taken. If cripples did not serve, they at least obtained the bounty. We have also some exchanges of repartee in the earlier part of the war which show that, before General Butler ruled New Orleans, Northern soldiers were good-humoured enough to be courteous, if keen, with "the Secesh women" whom they afterwards insulted and reviled. On passing through Baltimore in April, 1861, a Massachusetts soldier retorted the sarcasm of a Maryland lady with a wit compared to which Butler's celebrated "woman" order does not speak well for the influence of the war on the manners of the North:—

"Are you a Massachusetts soldier?" said a woman elegantly dressed, and doubtless deemed a lady in Baltimore. "I am, madam," was the courteous answer of the officer thus addressed. "Well, thank God, my husband is in the Southern army, ready to kill such hirelings as you." "Do you not miss him, madam?" said the officer. "Oh, yes, I miss him a good deal." "Very well, madam, we are going South in a few days, and will try to find him and bring him back here with his companions."

The early tone of the South was arrogant in the extreme. In February, 1861, a Charleston paper thus speaks of the North, at that time hopelessly divided, with a President disliking Secession, but disliking coercion more—with Abolitionists half inclined to let the South go, and Democrats anxious to bring it back by any concession:

The South might, after uniting under a new confederacy, treat the disorganized and demoralized Northern States as *insurgents*, and deny them recognition. But if peaceful division ensues, the South, after taking the Federal capital and archives, and being recognized by all foreign Powers as the Government *de facto*, can, if they see proper, recognize the Northern Confederacy, or Confederacies, and enter into treaty stipula-

tions with them. Were this not done, it would be difficult for the Northern States to take a place among nations, and their flag would not be respected or recognized.

We well remember the time when it was that a people who could brag so loudly were not likely to fight well. The war, however, has proved an old truth—"sometime a paradox"—that boasters do not always turn out cowards. But since there has been real fighting this bragging has died out; the above was written before a single shot had been fired. On the Northern side there was a fully equal amount of "ninety days" vaunting, which continued till the end of the second year of the conflict, not unsatirized amongst themselves. "General," said Major Jack Downing, "I always observed that those persons who have got a great deal to say about bein' ready to shed the last drop of their blood are amazin' particular about the first drop." Altogether, the light tone of the Northern press in the earlier part of the war—their certainty that it would be a "one-horse rebellion"—was evident in the whole tone of their humorous writing during 1861.

The following, from Artemus Ward to the Prince of Wales, was published before the recent outburst of hatred of Great Britain:—

In my country we've got a war, while your country manetanes a nootral position. Yes, sir, we've got a war, and the troo Patri has to make sacrificiases. I have alreddy given two cousins to the war, and I stand redly to sacrifici my wife's brother rather'n not see the rebelly'n krusht. And if wuss comes to wuss I'll shed every drop of blood my able-bodied relations has got to prosekoot the war. I think somebody ought to be prosekooted, and it may as well be the war as anybody else.

The same writer reports one of this orator's speeches, made when the North began to doubt whether the negro was worth fighting for:—

"Feller Sittersuns,—The African maybe be our brother. Severil hily respectable gentleman and some talented females tell us so, and for argyment sake i might be injoosed to grant it, tho' i don't beleieve it myself. But the African isn't our sister and wife and unkle. He isn't severil of our brothers and fust wife's relashuns. He isn't our grandfather and grate grandfather and our aunt in the country. Scarcely—and yet nunsit persons would have us think so. It's troo he runs Congress and severil others grossery's, but he ain't everybody. But we've got the African, or rather he's got us, and how are we going to do about it? He's a orful noosance. Perhaps he isn't to blame for it. P'raps he was created for some wise purpis, like the measles and New

England rum, but it's mity hard to see it. At any rate he is here, and as I stated to Mr. What-is-it, it's a pity he coudent go off somewheres quietly by hisself, where he coud wear red weas-kits and speckled necties, and gratefy his ambition in varis interestin wayse without havin a eternal fuss up about him. Perhaps I'm bearing down too hard on Cuffy."

We do not know that column after column of leading articles, or letters from Special Correspondents, or tones of essays, or libraries of big books, could give a better idea of the real feeling of the Americans about the negro—at all events during the early part of the struggle—than the above mock oration. There was, in the first year of the war, in the minds of nearly all politicians, including the moderate Republicans, an impatience of the peril into which the African had brought the Union—a thorough conviction that Loyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips and the men of Boston generally, who knew very little of the unfortunate descendant of Ham, had made too much of the negro, and that "nigger on the brain" had driven wise men mad. The feeling found utterance in many speeches and articles, and at length took official form when Mr. Lincoln, in words almost as curt as those of Artemus Ward, and quite as uncouth, advised the African to emigrate, and offered to assist him. The Americans are not an unkindly people; they are excessively good-humored; but their long cowardice in facing the fact of African slavery has certainly come home to them bitterly enough, and it is no great wonder that there should be in their tone an irritable impatience at the terrible burden they have brought upon themselves—a burden which even the close of the war will not lift off. General Banks has had to report that nearly fifty per cent. of the negroes within his lines have died since the Union troops took possession of the district under his control—and, we are sure, without any intentional inhumanity on the part of the Federal troops. But the shiftless negro, under new and inexperienced masters, is very likely to learn every vice of civilization, and to suffer for his sins. The United States will no doubt manfully endeavour to meet the difficulty, for there is too much publicity and good feeling to permit any authorized cruelty and neglect; and the "sneaking kindness" of the people for the negro is best indicated in the doubt finally expressed by Mr. Artemus Ward, "Perhaps I'm bearing down too hard on Cuffy."

That there is but one St. Shoddy, and that the contractors make great profits, is

American religion at all times. We have in the next anecdote an appreciation of the truth:—

"No, William Baker, you cannot have my daughter's hand in marriage until you are her equal in wealth and social position." The speaker was a haughty old man of some sixty years, and the person he addressed was a fine-looking young fellow of twenty-five. With a sad aspect the young man withdrew from the stately mansion. Six months later he stood again in the presence of the haughty father, who thus angrily addressed him:—"What, you here again?" "Ah, old man," proudly exclaimed William Baker, "I am here your daughter's equal, and yours." The old man's lips curled with scorn. A derisive smile lit up his cold features, when, casting violently upon the marble centre-table an enormous roll of greenbacks, William Baker cried, "See, look on this wealth, and I've tenfold more. Listen, old man; you spurned me from your door, but I did not despair. I secured a contract for supplying the army of — with beef" — "Yes! yes!" eagerly exclaimed the old man. "And I bought up all the disabled cavalry horses I could find." "I see, I see," cried the old man; "and very good beef they make, too." "They do, they do; and the profits are immense." "I should say so." "And now, sir, I claim your daughter's fair hand." "Boy, she is yours; but hold—look me in the eye. Throughout all this have you been loyal?" "To the core," cried William Baker. "And," continued the old man, in a voice husky with emotion, "are you in favour of a vigorous prosecution of the war?" "I am, I am." "Then, boy, take her! Maria, child, come hither. Your William claims thee. Be happy, my children; and whatever our lot in life may be, let us all support the Government."

From the camps we have few stories, but one—highly complimentary to Arkansas—supplies us with an entirely new history of the causes of the continuance of the conflict. The Federal soldiers at Helena used to amuse the inhabitants of that place, on their first arrival, by telling them yarns. They reported that some time ago "Jeff. Davis got tired of the war, and wished President Lincoln to meet him on neutral ground to discuss the terms of peace. They met accordingly, and after a talk concluded to settle the war by dividing the territory and stopping the fighting. The North took the Northern States, and the South the Gulf and the seaboard Southern States. Lincoln took Texas and Missouri, and Davis Kentucky and Tennessee, so that all were parcelled off excepting Arkansas. Lincoln didn't want it—Jeff. wouldn't have it. Neither would consent to take it, and on that they split, and the war has been going on ever since."



We shall conclude with one purely military:—

At the Lewinsville skirmish the colonel of the 19th Indiana, noticing some of his men ducking their heads as the shells fell about, rode along the line, calling out to them, "Boys, hold up your heads, and act like men." Immediately after,

however, an 18-pound shell burst within a few yards of him, scattering the fragments in all directions. Instinctively he jerked his head almost to the saddle-bow, while his horse squatted with fear. "Boys," said he, as he raised up and reined in his steed. "You may dodge the large ones."

LIFE IN AN ISLAND.—The coast of 'the Gulf of Salerno could not be otherwise than grand under any circumstances, yet but for the glimmer of yonder inaccessible Positano on the further headland, and all the touches of light between which mark the line of human habitations, it would be but a gloomy and silent grandeur. And tragic and terrible are the memories that poetry has woven about that coast; for yonder lie the tiny islets—detached rocks greened over with deceitful verdure—where the Sirens sang. A little personal experience of such storms as change the face of heaven in a moment, and make the skies darken and the sea rise, gives a reality to the tale, and makes one hold one's breath. In the sudden tumult, through the sudden gloom, with those vast cliffs looming in the blackness under the lee, it is not difficult to conjure up the broken notes of that song which tempted the mariner to his fate. But no imagination could be more utterly out of accord with the caressing sweetness of this daylight sea. The humble hermit stands at his chapel door and takes no heed of one's musings; and unless it were a weary ghost of Tiberius's day, or perhaps a more recent spectre of one's own, there is nothing here to interrupt the silence. The sea comes very softly to the foot of the precipice, sheer down eighteen hundred feet, and breathes upwards a compassionate hush, so soft and oft repeated that one comes to feel as if he meant it, and had woven the observation of ages, the result of all his long spectatorship of human grief, into that one compassionate syllable. Hush! if you listen, you will find that the very air has caught the trick, and breathes it after him in keys as softly varied as the tones of a poet. It is not like the Sirens' song. This still ocean has no thrilling invitation to give, no secret pleasures to offer; but round the storied coasts, where he has seen so much, and where, perhaps, by times, a groan over human misery has rent his great bosom and driven him to passion, he comes now in his milder mood with a dispassionate but tender pity. Has not he, too, seen nights of sadness and misery, days of tempest and tribulation, in which the sun went down at noon? But still the morning and the calm returned in their time. The moral is too vast for human life, in which there is neither time nor space for the everlasting renovations of which nature is capable; but there is a certain healing in the sound, impersonal though it is. Few human creatures could pause here on Tiberio

without an access of thought. It was here, close by, that the victims of the wicked emperor were pitched headlong from the terrific *Salto* into the soft remorseful sea. And there, where Niccolo's innocent gourds are growing, the walls that confine the little plot are the walls of the Camarelli—infernal chambers, which even the Roman people, not too scrupulous, razed well nigh to the ground for horror of the vice once practised there—which has all given place, as we have said, to the meek image of Our Lady of Succour and her lonely little chapel. And was it not yonder, on the cloudy skirts of Vesuvius, that in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, a city passed from life to death! The worst of it is that from those big recollections that belong to the world, the solitary muses naturally turn to recollections of his own, which may, Heaven knows, be as sad as Pompeii, but are not equally interesting to other men. Wherefore let us take into our heart, as best we may, that soft and abstract compassion of the sea, which is for us and for all. Hush! What more can anything mortal say?—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

#### FRANCE IN MEXICO AND ELSEWHERE.

LA FORMICA VIAGGIATRICE.—*Translated from Burchiello.*

An ant, when wandering here and there,  
Came, in her course erratic, where  
A horse's skull lay dry and bare.  
And as she gazed in ecstasy,  
The bony structure seemed to be  
A palace fit for loyalty.  
On every side she wondering clomb,  
Then said, I will no longer roam,  
For creature ne'er had such a home.  
But when at length with weary feet  
She had sought throughout her whole retreat,  
But something sought in vain to eat;  
'Tis better far, she said, that I  
Return to the fornicary,  
Than here remain of want to die,—  
So off I go. Her thoughts are mine;  
I never call a mansion fine,  
Grand though it be, unless I dine.  
From this the moral aimed at France is,  
First meet your wants and then your  
fancies. *Examiner.*

From Macmillan's Magazine.

# A FEW WORDS ON THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

BY F. D. MAURICE.

MUCH has been said about the impotence of the Pope's Encyclical Letter. No doubt it is the defiance of forces which have proved themselves mightier than the Papal force when it was mightiest; no doubt it is like the nightmare cry of a worn-out giant, dreaming of the serpents which he strangled in his cradle. But we may repeat these obvious remarks till we lose sight of the immense significance of this document; we may despise what is one of the most striking and critical facts in modern history.

There is apt to be a hard and cruel feeling in the minds of most of us who have been bred in a stern Protestantism, and in whom each year's experience has strengthened and deepened it, towards those who exalt obedience to the Holy See above all the convictions of their reason. It seems to us a form of atheism—a denial that there is an eternal truth before which all creatures must bow. Yet if we examine any special instances of this devotion—such, to take the one nearest our own time, as that of Lacordaire, in surrendering all his strongest political and moral persuasions to the decrees of Gregory XVI.—it is impossible not to recognise a beauty and a grandeur in the submission. However incomprehensible it may seem to us, we are obliged to ask ourselves what it meant, and how it was compatible with a disposition, in many aspects of it so heroic, as that of the French Dominican. The still more recent utterances of a countryman of Lacordaire, but a statesman and a Protestant, unlike him in all his traditions and all the habits of his intellect, threw a light upon this question which we cannot afford to lose. M. Guizot, the Genevan, sees in the Pope the bond who holds together the fragments of Christendom, who prevents the loose elements of which its faith is composed from absolutely starting asunder. Such a theory from such a man looks like the *reductio ad absurdum* of the *doctrinaire* philosophy. A fiction—to him nothing more—is necessary to keep God's universe from falling to pieces. But it must be accepted also as a confession from a Protestant of what he has seen to be the feebleness and incoherency of Protestant sects. And it may surely offer the best possible apology for a man educated from infancy to consider the Papacy as the centre of unity to the moral and spiritual universe, if he re-

garded all his own most cherished beliefs, though imparted, as he felt and knew, by God Himself, as nothing in comparison with the acknowledgment of this centre, the assertion of this unity. In this case it was no *doctrinaire* theory; no conception, *ab extra*, of a convenient scheme for making society consist; no patronage of the divine faith and divine order. It was an act of terrible—what would have been to any of us most immoral—sacrifice. But those who at all put themselves into Lacordaire's position, who can look at the world as it appeared to him, though they may tremble even to meditate the contradiction, may reverence him, and wish that in better circumstances they were as truthful as he was.

How deep, how all-possessing, the desire for unity is in our days; how it lies beneath all hearts in all lands; how it manifests itself in all ways—in the best and strongest as well as in the worst and feeblest characters; what bloody offerings it sometimes demands; what torments it inflicts and endures; how it wrestles with the critical spirit in an embrace which may be of love or of hatred, of life or of death—this will be told some day if an historian of our time ever arises who can look through its superficial signs, its apparent discords, to its inmost meaning. He will show how the most opposite sects, associations for the most destructive purposes, betrayed this same instinct; how the most sceptical and scoffing men exhibited the scars of this conflict—their baffled hopes of unity. And therefore any who strove against the Papal hierarchy—so long as it represented the most partial fulfilment of this craving, the mere image of what a centre of unity might be—any who merely complained of it as stifling the demands of the individual conscience, or as an usurpation upon the rights of particular nations—might carry on a moderately prosperous battle against it in the sixteenth century, even when the odds in its favor seemed overwhelming, but have been liable to unaccountable discomfitures even to defeats, in the nineteenth century, when it has seemed to be weakest in its leaders, poorest in its allies.

But what no opponents could do, the Pope has done for himself. That which no Protestants, no unbelievers, have succeeded in demonstrating, that the Pope is not the uniter of Christendom—that he is emphatically its *DIVIDER*; this he has undertaken himself to demonstrate. Herein lies the unspeakable worth of the late letter. Two reputations had co-existed in the

same person. He was accounted the dogmatist of the Christian Church. He was accounted the head and centre of its fellowship. Hitherto the balance between them had been tolerably preserved. Popes had often disturbed it under one impulse or another. But they had seen that, to maintain their last character, the ambition to assert the first needed to be kept in check. Dr. Newman could boast very recently that the decrees and condemnations which have gone forth through a succession of ages had been reluctantly given, and had borne no proportion to the number of questions which had been agitated in Christendom. It seems a frightful irony that the good old man who now fills the chair of St. Peter—the man whose early official years were associated with the ideas of ecclesiastical reformation and Italian unity—should be the Pope who declares, "Henceforth I accept the position of the dogmatist and the denouncer; the other I confess to be absolutely incompatible with it." But this he has done in the series of propositions and denunciations which raise him, the Ultramontane papers affirm, to the level of Hildebrand. They forget their own great claim on behalf of Hildebrand, that though he set his foot on the neck of kings, he did not care to crush Berengarius. The utmost Pius IX. can do is to ask the kings for the privilege of cursing some of the strongest convictions of those who are most willing to submit to his authority. The eldest son of the Church refuses that humble petition. He will not give his obolus to Belisarius. Heretical England is not so cruel. If he knows, being infallible, that he can only curse, he lets him curse over the length and breadth of the land.

It is not, therefore, only with the science, or civilization, or toleration, of this age that the Pope has proclaimed war. He has proclaimed a more deadly war with its longing for unity—that sense of an actual, eternal unity, holding us together in spite of our differences and our hatreds, which has been the great support of his throne when it has been most tottering. It is with the hope of this time, with the deepest, firmest belief, of this time—with the hope and belief of the Roman Catholic, even in one sense more characteristically than of the Protestant countries—that the Pope is at strife. The fiction of M. Guizot is scattered to the winds—that is a reason for almost unmixed joy. The ground for the obedience of such men as Lacordaire was cut from under them; that change one can-

not think of without a mixture of dread. But the true unity will be revealed to these men as the false disappears; it is only a natural cowardice that makes one shrink from the thoughts of the anguish which they must suffer in the process.

And we should turn from any lessons which the letter has for them—lessons that we cannot bring home to them, that we may only weaken by enforcing—to those very pregnant ones which it contains for ourselves. One is surely this:—We have talked of the Pope's temporal, or rather local, sovereignty as if that were the great calamity under which Italy, and thenations of Christendom, were groaning. It may be a contradiction, but it is a contradiction which has done, and is doing, more to expose the pretence of ecclesiastics to govern the world—the blasphemy which confounds their kingdom with God's kingdom—than any other. We cannot wish it to disappear till the doctrine which it teaches has been thoroughly laid to heart by every Church in every land. But in this letter it is not the local sovereign who speaks, it is the spiritual dogmatist; it is the man who identifies his decrees, which he considers to be the decrees of all ages, with the truth. It is this identification—this confusion of that which is thought or decreed by any man or any body of men, with that which is—that makes the letter so fierce an attack upon the faith and unity of Christendom, as well as upon science. If its creeds set forth Him who is, and was, and is to come—as we suppose they do—any attempt to put decrees and dogmas for truth must be a subversion of them. If the Sacraments of the Church assert the unity of man in a living and immortal Head, they must be the great antagonists of him who wishes to cut men off for not accepting his opinions. But that assertion is two-edged. It strikes as sharply against all Protestant, all English dogmatism, as against all Romish. The Pope's Encyclical Letter should be framed and glazed, and hung up in the house of every English clergyman, that he may understand what *he* is aiming at. If it is to do on a small scale what is here done on the largest scale, in the greatest perfection—let him read his sentence in this document. We can but play with tools that have been sharpened to the utmost, and have proved ineffectual. Success would be our greatest calamity; for is it not a calamity to prevail for a little while in fighting against the unity of Christendom, against humanity, against God?

## "FURTHERUPTOWN."

To the editor of the *New York Evening Post* :—

The following stanzas, lately recovered from unpublished manuscripts of the nineteenth century, and attributed to a writer of the middle age, are believed to have suggested to the poet Longfellow the form of his famous poem "Excelsior." They were lately sung by a certain distracted house-hunter in this city to a social assembly, comprising certain other distracted house-hunters, by whom it was resolved that they be sent to the *Evening Post*.

Yours truly,  
F. U. T.

Tired to death, but walking fast,  
Along Broadway one night, there passed  
A youth, who bore a pretty nice  
Umbrella, with this strange device,  
"Furtheruptown!"

His anxious eyes and weary feet  
Hunted the houses in each street;  
And like a New-Year's fish-horn rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
"Furtheruptown!"

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
Beyond, the spectral street-lamps shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
"Furtheruptown!"

"Try not that street," the old man said;  
"A tenement house is just ahead —  
A public school is by its side;"  
Then loud that clarion voice replied,  
"Furtheruptown!"

"Oh stay," the broker said, "and rest;  
This brown stone house will suit you best."  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
Sadly he said, "The rent's too high;"  
"Furtheruptown!"

"Beware the livery-stable's smell,  
Beware the engine-house as well!"  
This was the agent's last good-nigh —  
A voice replied, far out of sight,  
"Furtheruptown!"

At break of day, as heavenward  
The Central Park policemen stared,  
Watching the gathering sunbeams ere,  
A voice rang through the startled air,  
"Furtheruptown!"

By following up the unusual sound,  
A dying traveller they found,  
Still grasping his no longer nice  
Umbrella, with the strange device  
"Furtheruptown!"

There, in the Reservoir, they say,  
"Drowned" but beautiful he lay,  
While somewhere over Bloomingdale,  
A voice fell like a rocket's tail,  
"Furtheruptown!"

## THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

No mother's eye beside thee wakes to-night,  
No taper burns beside thy lonely bed;  
Darkling thou liest, hidden out of sight,  
And none are near thee but the silent dead.

How cheerly glows this hearth, yet glows in vain,  
For we uncheered beside it sit alone,  
And listen to the wild and beating rain,  
In angry gusts against our casement blown.

And though we nothing speak, yet well I know  
That both our hearts are there where thou dost  
keep,  
Within thy narrow chamber far below,  
For the first time unwatched, thy lonely sleep.

Ah, no, not thou! — and we our faith deny,  
This thought allowing: thou, removed from  
harms,  
In Abraham's bosom dost securely lie, —  
O, not in Abraham's — in a Saviour's arm

In that dear Lord's who in thy worst distress.  
Thy bitterest anguish, gave thee, dearest child,  
Still to abide in perfect gentleness,  
And like an angel to be meek and mild.

Sweet corn of wheat! committed to the ground,  
To die and live, and bear more precious ear,  
While in the heart of earth thy Saviour found  
His place of rest, for thee we will not fear.

Sleep softly, till that blessed rain and dew,  
Down lighting upon earth, such change shall  
bring  
That all its fields of death shall laugh anew —  
Yea, with a living harvest, laugh and sing.



From The Saturday Review.

## MEMORY.

It is not perhaps easy to account for the general low estimate of Memory, as one of the powers of the intellect, which is implied in the facility with which the vainest person will charge himself with the want of it. Memory is certainly thought by many to be a kind of slavish attention to the letter, incompatible with full apprehension of the spirit. All men, indeed, accuse themselves of bad memory almost as a matter of course, and with none of the effort that the confession of dull perception, weak judgment, or defective taste would cost them. One cause for this may be, that a bad memory cannot be concealed. There may be differences of opinion as to what constitutes imagination or judgment, but we either remember or we forget, and everybody is a judge whether we do the one or the other when we are fairly tested. The only thing to be done, therefore, is to make light of failure, and to lower memory to a mere mechanical excellence. Now, in certain fantastic forms of memory there is some color for this disparagement. People may remember what is trivial, because their attention has not been arrested by what is important. Particular facts are retained that are not of the essence of the subject to which they relate, justifying the suspicion that the mind which retains them was not occupied with its main features. Thus the merits of a poem are not unlikely to escape the man who remembers the exact number of its lines, and other such accidental niceties. But these caprices and arbitrary feats of memory are not common enough to explain or justify the prevailing tone towards memory. When we forget anything which we have had fair opportunities of acquiring, it is a matter for real humiliation, not for the mock contrition we are all so ready with. There is in most minds a standing guard to resist the entrance of knowledge into the brain — vacancy, indifference, impatience, wool-gathering, narrowness of interests, absorption in self; and we confess to one or all of these when we own with an easy air — and as if, after all, we had been better employed — that we forget, and when we fall to abusing our "wretched memory." Of course people are hard upon memory in another way altogether, and expect from it more than is possible. As Dr. Johnson says, "We consider ourselves as defective in memory either because we remember less than we desire, or less than we suppose others to remember" — not reflecting that he who remembers

most remembers little compared with what he forgets. But what we would say is, that men ought not to denounce their memories and still think that they keep, and have, what memory alone can bring into use. No memory can be universal; it must have its strong and its weak side; but in proportion to its strength and many-sidedness combined will be found the vigor of other faculties, and the power with which they can be immediately brought to bear upon men. Thus statesmen must have great memories. No man can take a leading, governing place among his fellows without it. The successful politician is perpetually called upon for feats of memory. A great speech is one of them, and so is debate and successful rejoinder. He must distinctly remember his own course and the course of events, what he has learnt, what he has seen, the men he has known, what they have said and done. He must have an arbitrary memory for names and dates, and a verbal memory to quote promptly and accurately. He must not hesitate, or bungle, or apologise — all must be distinct, full, clear; and with all these efforts of distant memory he must remember his own preconcerted line, and speak in the order he planned. There are many such memories as these among our public men, only their very universality prevents their being recognised as memory. People wonder at a display of power, but go on slighting memory in their own persons just the same.

The memory that gets itself a name is exhibited in some one particular line, and mainly in that which enables a man to keep what he has once learnt — what he has been taught and what he has read, the thoughts of others rather than his own. It is the memory which makes a man a library in his own person, which enabled Jeremy Taylor to write his *Liberty of Prophesying* without access to books, and which makes somebody in every University a general referee; the memory by which Scaliger could repeat a hundred lines, having once read them — a feat to which every large experience has something like a parallel, but which is still miraculous to persons whose gifts do not lie in that direction, whose own treacherous memory, like a bag with holes, lets everything slip through that they put into it. But there is a form of memory rarer, and perhaps more interesting, than all these — the memory of a man's self, which keeps his whole being together, and connects the life in a chain every link of which is known, so that he loses no part of himself, but can review his course from the beginning to the

present hour, with incidents and dates all in their right places, loves and hatreds yet real, and every feeling of the past holding its place in living thought. The most remarkable case we know of this class of memory is De Quincey's, who recalls distinctly things which happened before he was two years old, not only as solitary incidents, but as affecting his subsequent views, and awakening a train of thought that knew no break or interruption. One recollection was a dream of "terrific grandeur," at twenty-one months old; another, a "profound sense of pathos" connected with the reappearance, very early in spring, of some crocuses, and which, one would think, implies some associations with the previous spring; and a third, the awful impression made at "one and a half, more or less, by some trifle"—by some whispered act of cruelty inflicted by a nurse on a dying sister, of which he says, "The feeling which fell upon me was a shuddering horror, as upon a first glimpse of the truth that I was in a world of evil and strife. . . . I had not suspected until this moment the true complexion of the world in which myself and my sisters were living; thenceforth the character of my thoughts changed greatly. . . . For myself, that incident had a lasting revolutionary power in colouring my estimate of life." It is easy to smile at this, but we fully believe that thought of this impressive kind begins much earlier than people dream of, only memory is wanting to record it. One of our reasons is that the first memory with all is so often a *pang*, as of some loss, something departing from us, implying not only previous thought but previous habits of mind, and trains of association already formed. As for De Quincey, he was old in thought at or before he was six, and is grand in his recollections. "Let me pause for one instant," he writes, "in approaching a remembrance so affecting" as his feelings on the death of another favourite sister; and then follow pages of the thoughts, and reflections upon the thoughts, awakened by one of the acutest moments of life—the first realization of death. All this is not so utterly beyond our experience—though the trials and mysteries of childhood live but faintly in the consciousness of most of us—but that we find it more reasonable to believe than to set it down to morbid fancy.

De Quincey's was, all his life, an abnormal memory. Its minuteness and tenacity were a positive snare and entanglement, hindering advance, and rendering him the most tedious and digressive of writers. But such a memory is the only one to throw light on

the puzzles and perplexities which hang round the first dawn of mind, and the influences and leanings which give direction to all after-thought. But, short of this, memories may be too morbidly retentive of the past; the mere progress of time and procession of events may cling with an importunate hold, and interfere with freedom of thought and interest in the new fields on which we are for ever entering. Then, too, forgetting has usually so much to do with forgiving that it is a much harder effort where people cannot forget, as it also is for such to reconcile themselves to the course of events. For we are forgetful rather than resigned. Too retentive a memory is, however, so rare a failing—with most the inner tablet which should record our passed is so blurred and misty, the work we have done, the interests that have occupied us once, the people we associated with are all so remote, so hard to revive in any available distinctness at our most pressing need—that when, in contrast with our sad perplexing oblivion of what once filled hours and days, perhaps whole months and years, we encounter one of those sensitive, nervous memories, acting almost like another sight, we are filled with a wistful envy and regret till we perceive that there are drawbacks. We see that memory may haunt like a ghost, or that such a power of reviving old impressions is commonly attended by a coldness to the present, a reluctance to meet new influences, and even a certain superciliousness towards matters which we think very well worth giving our minds to, because they are compared with a glorified past. For nobody can remember with perfect fairness; things either fade into insignificance, or they are illuminated by a halo.

The power of repeating with perfect exactness is one of the pleasantest social feats of memory; but no memory is worth much that is not accurate, and this perhaps constitutes the difference between talkers whose memory fatigues and those whose memory charms us. There is nothing more irritating, as all children show by their provoking zeal to set the narrator right, than to listen to a history of which we know the details, told by an inaccurate memory. But we can detect looseness of statement even where there is no such test. We can tell when the story we are hearing relates what really passed, or is only a gloss—an approximation. Not many tales that are told over and over again can be true in this sense, because accuracy is always an intellectual effort. Gaps and chasms will come with time. These are not willingly

owned to, where it is so easy to fill them up with some plausible stopping. The narrator, treating the main points only as the affair of conscience, allows himself to expatiate in the dullest of all fields of invention till even the main points insensibly change with the adjuncts, and the whole gets such a colouring from the speaker that nothing can be relied on. The power of prolonged, yet accurate, narration does of course exist, and it may be perfected by practice, so long as the speaker has such gifts to start with as a good clear voice, a social standing which has a right to claim attention, and natural powers of observation. Wanting one or all of these, it is wise to confine one's self to abridgments, and to check the excesses of even a veracious memory.

There is a form of memory perhaps often-er on the lips than any of these, and of more every-day homely utility. It is that which bears in mind the existing state of things, and which is opposed to absence of mind. It is this which is meant where the reader, introduced to the mysteries of Mrs. Gamp's room, is told that a stranger could move in it without danger to life or limb by always remembering the bedstead. This memory consists in carrying about with us all the circumstances of our present condition that do not immediately meet the eye, and all the obligations of the passing day and hour — the memory called *head* in common parlance, one of whose proverbial uses is to save the heels. It is the one quality necessary to make the wheels of social existence move easily. We may have any sort of bad memory out of this department and be ourselves the main sufferers, but all the world groans under the domestic bad memory. Thus our wife may have read and forgotten every page and fact of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and neither our temper will be ruffled nor our affections estranged upon some chance discovery of the void where solid knowledge should have been; but if she were twice in one week to forget to order dinner, we could neither answer for our serenity nor for our constancy. This is the memory about which men are the most unjust, the least disposed to follow the golden rule. We reprove our servant for executing only two commissions out of four, or even only ten out of a dozen, and excuse ourselves for similar lapses as soon as he has left our austere presence, not without, it may be, some touch of complacency, as though this proved that our minds were set on higher matters. In fact it is impossible, in our own case, to take a very harsh view

of such delinquencies; they will assume the air of misfortunes, perversities of fate, anything rather than grave faults.

People have argued that there is no such thing as memory as a separate quality, asserting that it only proves a given strength and vigor of the powers and endowments to which it gives expression — that men always remember what has made an adequate impression upon the brain, and that failures of memory are only failures of original apprehension and reception. But no one who is conscious of what is called a bad memory willingly gives in to such a notion as this. He remembers having once felt vividly, clearly apprehended, thrown his whole heart and energies into a subject, made it his own; and yet he has forgotten it; nothing but an impression remains. Impressions, we grant, where once they have been deep, never wholly die. We recall a joy, an excitement, an interest, a keen pursuit; we never forget where we have once felt and thought our deepest, labored our best; but facts, details, particulars, are all gone. Our past is like the middle distances of a plain in a picture — light and shade, but no defined outline. Even conscience shares the dimness. There is the "impression of a sigh," as an old writer has called it, rather than the error that caused it in full vision.

Besides, if there were not such a thing as memory, irrespective of the thing remembered, how could people retain proper names an instant in the mind? The eyes and the ears seem to have their own peculiar talents in this direction. Thus men who have clean forgotten everything that books have taught them have an excellent memory for faces which seem to have no other claim except that they *are* faces — for names, and for signboards; and there is a memory for numbers, more difficult to understand still, when figures put in some chance order are retained in their exact places for long periods of time. The common feature of all is, that they are remembered without effort and without thought. The traces last, because the tablet is apt for their reception.

There is no such test of verbal memory as the power of retaining long passages of prose composition — that gift so freely distributed to the characters of novels like the *Caxtons* and *Gryll Grange*, acquired, not for declamation or any other use, but simply because the rhythm of a style has impressed itself with the hold that recurring rhymes secure on ordinary ears. An appropriate prose quotation, led up to by chance, is a pleasant surprise that one does not forget. The more ordinary feat of this memory is that of re-

taining the exact words, whether spoken or written, of what has been neatly or pungently expressed. A good deal of something very like wit itself lies in an apt verbatim reproduction of the wit and humour of other men.

\* Poets have told us all along that there is an art more important to our peace than memory, and that is, how to forget. Undoubtedly, the modern system of books and readers teaches this art to perfection. The novel-reader does not care to retain a trace of the book she has been reading after she has closed the page, and will frankly acknowledge the convenience of being able to begin again in a month's time, with a curiosity as fresh as at first, and a mind swept clean of all previous impressions. With some this happens in a fortnight, if many novels have intervened; the more retentive, we believe, find that they need six weeks for every vestige of character and incident to have passed off. Nor is it only in books that the vast number and rapid succession of objects claiming our attention in these busy times condemn the efforts of human labor to this limbo of forgetfulness, depressing on the one side, but, as it seems, consolatory on the other.

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Daily Telegraph, Feb. 9.

#### THE CHURCH AND THE BAR.

THE Benchers of the four Inns of Court have arrived at a conclusion which is likely to be attended with momentous consequences. By a majority of twelve to eleven, the governing body of our English legal university has ruled that ordained clergymen shall henceforth be eligible for call to the Bar. We should be in danger of overlooking the real significance and importance of this change of practice if we regarded it as solely or mainly affecting the profession of the law. It is with reference to the interests of the Church, its ministers and people, that we must estimate the value of a measure which will tend to relieve unwilling pastors from the obligation of ministering to dissatisfied flocks. We observe that the Inns of Court have not adopted their recent determination without much conflict of opinion. . . . On a former occasion we showed that this transaction was in its nature isolated, and that the Benchers who declined to nominate

Horne Tooke as a member of their profession did not expressly or impliedly lay down any general rule on the subject. Then, if there be no rule of these learned bodies which declares clerical vows to be inconsistent with the practice of the law, to what must we attribute the almost universal impression that the clergy are precluded from assuming lay functions? We believe that the notion is one of those vulgar errors which arise from the exaggeration of a partial truth. Ecclesiastical persons have long been precluded by law from engaging in ordinary trade; but there is not a word in the statutes, or in our secular law, which hinders them from practising in any of the learned professions. Neither are there any canons of the Church which convey such a prohibition. On the contrary, several ancient ecclesiastical laws directly authorise clerics to act as advocates in more than one comprehensive class of cases; and we know that until the Reformation the most prominent positions, both on the bench and at the bar, were almost monopolised by persons who had received the tonsure.

So far as law and precedent are concerned, the argument is all against the partisans of the late system of exclusiveness, and they have been compelled to rely upon considerations as to the sanctity of clerical vows and their supposed incompatibility with secular duties. But when we examine this objection steadily, we shall find that it is merely sentimental. If it be anything more than an abstract idea—if it have a practical import—it must be shown that the resignation of the sacred calling is detrimental to the interests of religion. We may readily admit that clergymen ought not to be allowed to repudiate their solemn duties lightly and capriciously. A man who devotes himself to the serious and responsible offices of a minister of religion ought, of course, to enter upon them from motives very different from those which influence the choice of other callings in life. The work which he undertakes is not likely to be well done if he regard it simply in a commercial spirit. It is therefore consistent with the obligations which he contracts, and virtually a part of them, that he shall not relinquish them on the finding of a more lucrative field for his talents. To that extent there can be no controversy among those who have seriously considered the subject; but, on the other hand, the laws of our Church have never gone so far as to assert that the assumption of the priestly office shall be an absolute and perpetual disqualification for a secular profession. Not a scin-



tilla of authority for such a proposition is to be found in the formularies of the Church of England. On the contrary, her teaching and practice from remote times have allowed to her ministers considerable latitude in the exercise of civil callings. If we examine the subject by the light of modern experience, we shall find cogent reasons for upholding this ancient ecclesiastical liberality. Consider the circumstances in which the majority of persons present themselves for ordination. After an education at a classical school, in which theological teaching forms an extremely small part of the curriculum, the young aspirant to holy orders proceeds to college, where so much of his time as is given to study at all is chiefly devoted to preparation for academic examinations in Latin, Greek, and mathematics. We do not affirm that religious teaching is absolutely excluded from the course of university education; but we do assert, and do so most positively, that the amount of theological training which an under-graduate obtains at college is not only insufficient to prepare him for the ministry, but, what is more to our present purpose, must ever prove inadequate to reveal, even to himself, his permanent unfitness for the post. What is the consequence? Many a young man takes orders at three or four and twenty years of age, who at thirty discovers that he has utterly mistaken his avocation. He might have succeeded at the bar, in medical practice, or in one of the busy pursuits of secular life; but he cannot preach, he cannot expound the Scriptures, he cannot visit the poor, he cannot minister by the bed of sickness, with satisfaction to himself or edification to the objects of his case.

Can any good come of such a system? Can we reasonably expect useful results from a hard rule which would chain a man to his work as a galley-slave is chained to his oar? If there be any kind of duty which, above all others, demands free will and unbought zeal, it is the duty of a minister of the Gospel. To exact compulsorily the exercise of the functions of a clergyman after they have become irksome is to secure their discharge in a perfunctory, listless manner, in the highest degree detrimental to the interests of religion. Can anything be more fatal to the influence of pastoral teaching than the consciousness on the part of the congregation that the heart of the minister is not in his work? He reads the prayers because he is required to do so by the Act of Uniformity. He reads a manuscript sermon for the orthodox twenty minutes, because he would otherwise incur the cen-

sure of his bishop. At the end of the service he and his drowsy congregation separate, with a notion that they have done the proper thing, and they mentally give reciprocal acquittances of all religious obligations to each other till Sunday comes round again. Compare this listless behaviour with the manner in which the barrister or physician does his work, and it must be conceded that, so far as energy and intensity of purpose are concerned, the comparison is infinitely in favor of the secular callings. Therefore it is that we hail as a gain both to laity and clergy the relaxation of a rule which binds them to each other after their connection has become distasteful and unprofitable. The gain is twofold. In the first place, there is the relief to the minister, who, so long as he continues to discharge duties for which he feels himself to be unfit, is at strife with his own conscience. In the second place, there is at least the advantage to the laity which results from diminishing the number of inefficient ministers. More, much more, than this would be necessary in order to render our Church what its best friends desire—a union of earnest, zealous pastors, and of attentive, faithful, devoted congregations. The deficiencies and shortcomings of the present system by which men are chosen for the work of the ministry depend on many and deep-seated causes, which cannot be removed all at once. But the forcible retention of the consciously unfit men in sacred offices is no small part of the evil; and the recent resolutions of the Inns of Court is to be regarded with satisfaction, because it furnishes one means of escape from a sacrilegious bondage.

From The Spectator.

#### THE PRIVATE LIFE OF AN EASTERN QUEEN.\*

*The private Life of an Eastern King* did much to accelerate the annexation of Oude. That book was a collection of all the scandals current in Lucknow about the Royal family, many of them true, many exaggerated, but altogether forming a singular picture, and, as the blue-book subsequently proved, not an over-coloured one. Encouraged by the success of this work, Mr. Knight-

\* *The Private Life of an Eastern Queen.* By W. Knighton, LL. D. London: Longman.

on has now produced another on the life of the Begum who came over to England to plead with the Queen for the restoration of her son's throne. It professes to be a translation of statements made by Elihu Jan, formerly a slave in the palace, now an ayah in Mr. Knighton's household. The substance of it seems really to have been furnished by some woman or other employed in the palace, but Mr. Knighton has improved the narrative considerably, inserting descriptions obviously Western, explanations no Mussulman would think of, and reflections not very likely to occur to an ayah into the narrative. The story is not very interesting to any one who has read the former book, or the official record, or any good account of the last King of Oude. We have all heard of the King's habits, his strange caprices, his harem of a hundred and twenty wives, one of whom was a negress and many others were children; the cruel fate of the beautiful villager who would not be amused; the plays continued for ten days, during which the King was by turns a warrior, a devotee, a beggar, and a woman; his strange fits of caprice and fancy for collecting wild beasts, and this work adds only a few anecdotes about the Queen Dowager. She seems to have been an able woman, placable, like most Orientals when unprovoked, capricious in small things, given to excessive impertinence to all women lower in birth than herself, and capable of gross cruelty. She did not use to wall girls up alive, as her husband used, or to bury them, but when her jealousy was aroused she could yet be cruelly unscrupulous. She had a habit when the King refused her anything of refusing to eat or drink until it was granted, and once heard that one of her attendants had received the King's favour. She dared not kill her, for her husband could be dangerous, and had, moreover, as was believed in the palace, really married the girl, but the unfortunate woman "was one afternoon sleeping soundly, fatigued by exercise and overcome by the sultriness of the day. The apartment in which she slept was at the end of a gallery leading from the Queen's private rooms to those of public reception. The Queen accidentally passed by, and saw her there asleep. The attendant was a handsome girl, full grown, with a fine figure, and through some accident had never been married. The Queen passed on and said nothing till she came to her own apartment. She then called to her one of her most trusted servants—an old woman who had been with her from her maidenhood, who had come with her from Delhi. How the thing was

managed afterwards I do not know, but soon all the palace was in an uproar, roused by the screams of the attendant who had been sleeping a few minutes before so soundly, dreaming perhaps of the affection of a king. She had been sleeping, I heard, with face and neck uncovered, the usual muslin veil having been thrown aside in consequence of the heat; and some description of firework or explosive substance had been let off so close to her as to burn her severely on the face and neck." The Queen had had her face burnt, her beauty was all gone, and she soon after disappeared. She was, however, as we have said, able and brave, crossed the seas to obtain a hearing for her son, rated him incessantly for his neglect of public affairs, and when the catastrophe at last arrived boldly taxed him with being its origin. She received a letter from the Vizier announcing the Viceroy's decree, and the scene which followed has probably been derived from an eye-witness:—

"The Queen read Persian like a moonshi, and immediately, half-dressed as she was, opened the letter and read it. I was preparing the hookah in the same room. I saw the letter opened. I saw the Queen's face turning paler and paler as she read it. At length, holding the letter in her hands, and without stopping to put on her shoes, she walked rapidly out into the courtyard, exclaiming 'The kingdom is destroyed!' It was in the Dowlat Khana, and the courtyard alone separated us from the King's apartments. Thither went the Queen, bareheaded and barefooted, hastily. Several of us followed; one with a muslin sheet or veil, another with the shoes, another with an umbrella. She pushed us aside as we offered one thing and another. 'No, no,' said she, 'I must do without attendance, as I must do without a throne—perhaps without a home or food—in my old age.' And the Queen wept as she went, and Bahara Nissa wept as she followed, and we all went after them, and lamented with beating of breasts, although we knew not for certain what calamity had happened. The Queen walked without ceremony or announcement straight into the room where the King her son was sitting. None hindered her, all made way for her, wondering and in silence. The King was sitting alone and crying. When he saw his mother the Queen enter, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed aloud. She made him three salaams as she advanced, saying, 'Are you now satisfied? Have you got at last the wages of your dancing, your singing, and your fiddling? Have I not often told you it would come to this? Did any of your fathers sing and dance and fiddle in women's clothes?' Bahara Nissa alone ventured to remonstrate with the Queen. The King said never a word."

One more extract we must give, not for its

own value, but because it describes the regular mode adopted by the great Indian Princes of concealing their most valuable treasures:—

"One of the preparations for the journey consisted in the construction of a large brick chamber, built under a reservoir of water in the palace, for the reception of jewels, gold and silver furniture of all kinds, and other treasure which the Queen did not want to take with her to England. The water was drained off. An underground compartment was constructed, and the valuables were placed in it, covered with matting and oiled cloth, or wax-cloth. A flat brick roof supported on beams was then built, and this roof was the bottom of the tank or reservoir. The water was let in, and all appeared to be as before. It is said that several lacs' worth (or tens of thousands of pounds' worth) of property was deposited in that chamber, and so secretly was the work done that only a few even of our household knew of it. Bahara Nissa trusted and befriended me, and I knew it."

On the whole, the book, though slight and gossip, has an interest, and the ayah's notions of ethics, whether her own or not, are very nearly those of her countrymen and women.

From The Spectator.

#### DALZIEL'S ILLUSTRATED ARABIAN NIGHTS.\*

THE *Arabian Nights* is one of the few books which supply a boundless field of collateral yet wholly independent study by the side of the mere amusement they afford. Read as a string of idle fictions, they still remain a perennial kaleidoscope and literary wonder of elementary human emotion. As in the kaleidoscope we see elementary colours thrown, as it were, at random together, not satisfying art, but producing astonishment, so in the *Arabian Nights* all the elementary emotions and colours of human nature follow one another in an apparently childlike cycle of innocence, credulity, and bewonderment, yet so as to baffle old and practised eyes in any attempt to unravel the secret of their juxtaposition and obtain the key to their sequence. As the wheel revolves, and fiction follows fiction, colour colour, we see dove-like gentleness and astounding cruel-

ty, romantic courage and brazen craft, apparently unconscious folly and apparently unconscious wisdom, follow one another with the same arbitrary ease, the same rotatory gravity, the same absence of the slightest clue to the moving hand guiding the colours in their course, and but for the entertainment invariably afforded to the spectator, we had almost said, the same monotony of wonderful effect.

If we endeavour to overcome the dazing influence of the tales themselves, to look with a critical eye upon the sequence of the ideas, if we try to re-ascend by analysis and imagination to the springs of authorship, and to reconstruct the society out of which the stories grew, we pass abruptly into another world of thought, and tumble at the entrance into a sea of speculation. It seems no solution of the problem to suppose that the stories were in the origin designedly composed to amuse children. If the *Boy's Own Book* under the same name were the only relic of our civilization three thousand years hence, the doubt whether it was written for children or not would only complicate, not simplify the problem of the reconstruction out of that book of the civilization which gave birth to it. Any floating knowledge Englishmen have of contemporary Asiatic life does not seem to throw much light upon the reconstruction of the society out of which the *Arabian Nights* grew. Nor need this appear strange. The original of the *Arabian Nights* is probably separated by quite as wide an interval from modern Asiatic life as *Homer* from modern Greekdom. We know infinitely more about the modern Greeks than we do about the modern Orientals, at all events we understand them infinitely better, for they stand on the same plane of civilization, that is to say, within the same focus of ideas as ourselves. All we know of modern Greek life does not of itself throw any light on the authorship of *Homer*, or on the state of society out of which the Homeric poems sprang. Yet the literary filiation from *Homer* downwards through ancient Greek literature to modern times is perhaps the most luminous instance of literary filiation on record, and there is perhaps nothing to compare with it in history except the filiation (we are here speaking of the literary and social relation) of the Bible to modern European thought.

Nor does any knowledge we may have of contemporary Asiatic life seem to afford more than the most general help. In the first place, the complexity of the existing Asiatic life is immense. In the next place,

\* *Dalziel's Illustrated Arabian Nights Entertainments*. The text revised and emended throughout by H. W. Duleken, Ph. D. One hundred illustrations, by J. E. Millais, R. A., A. B. Houghton, Thomas Dalziel, J. D. Watson, John Tenniel, G. J. Pinwell. Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. London: Ward and Lock.

it is surprising how few Englishmen, even after a long and intimate acquaintance with Oriental life, ever seem to have penetrated beyond the mere outward shell and husk of the Oriental character. But it is precisely the relation of the inner idea of a people to the external evolutions of that idea in literary monuments which it would be interesting to recover, and which it is impossible to recover without penetrating from the circumference of a nation's perspective to its centre. Mr. Lane indeed tells us in his learned work on the *Arabian Nights* that the Arab sheikhs about Cairo delight in the *Arabian Nights*, and are minutely familiar with them, and that they are excellent commentators with regard to the manners and customs and religious allusions, — mostly, it would seem, Mohammedan, — contained in them. But what does not appear is in what light the *Arabian Nights* affect the modern Arab reader? Is it as Homer affected the contemporaries of Homer, or the contemporaries of Pericles, or the contemporaries of Lucian? Is it as Chaucer, for instance, affected Englishmen of the days of Chaucer, or of the days of Elizabeth, or of our own day? This is clearly a necessary inquiry before we can apply contemporary Oriental life and feeling, supposing us to understand it, as a key to the exposition of the *Arabian Nights*. But this is only a preliminary. We ourselves know well enough what impression Chaucer's works make upon us. Yet, instead of abandoning ourselves to the random impression created upon us by their lazy perusal, an impression compounded of our own modern ideas flavoured by his antique language, if we set to work in earnest to reconstruct the real temper, and feeling, and thought, the internal civilization of his day upon which his poetry blossomed as a natural and necessary fruit, how difficult the task is, even for us looking straight back in the line of our own familiar growth!

Again, if we look at the question of the authorship it will make a difference whether the stories were written by one man or more, in one generation or several, whether they are fictions properly so called and purely imaginative, or fictions founded on a substratum of fact, and that fact contemporary or traditional. If we put the *Orlando Furioso*, the *Gierusalemme Liberata*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and Boccaccio's tales together, and hand them down as the sole relics of our civilization to posterity, what would they make of them? Five thousand years hence suppose any of these books to be discussed by a foreign nation of say highly civilized

blacks, civilized as highly, or more highly, in some different way (for the forms of civilization are apparently endless, *teste* Egypt, China, Japan) than we now are. Suppose them even more wary, more critical, more scientific, indefinitely more ardent in the pursuit of truth, yet even with the humblest spirit of honest and faithful inquiry, it seems almost impossible that they could get over the preliminary difficulty of their ignorance whether the author, whoever he was, invented his story, and if he invented how much he invented, where fiction began and truth ended. How could they, except with knowledge which we can with difficulty conceive, say "This which reads so simply is a bitter sarcasm, that which is so vehemently told is pure imagination; that, again, is plain fact, and this, playful irony founded upon twenty different threads of thought"?

Apply, again, the same canon to *Gulliver's Travels*. How innocently grave and infinitely childlike are the most poisonous sarcasms, how simple and matter-of-fact is the narrative, how candid and truthful to all appearance is the narrative of the most monstrous fictions, the art rising just in the proportion of the apparent truth and candour, and who could unravel all these elements looking at them out of a different civilization?

Upon this principle it is that the *Arabian Nights* are a perpetual source of speculative wonder. No book ever took possession of the world without, so to speak, an antecedent national pedigree of overwhelming literary power and force? No savage could have written *Robinson Crusoe*. All the bitterness of a nation's lifetime is in *Gulliver's Travels*, and it took the concentrated literary energy of antecedent centuries to inspire Swift with the very candour and transparency of his livid animosity. A whole antecedent phase of civilization came to a head in Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. The loves and hatreds, the myriad thoughts of centuries of bitterness, and suffering, and joy, and ridicule, and passion, and contempt, are all condensed in the production of that book. And is it conceivable that the *Arabian Nights* with all their apparently elemental simplicity are nothing more than an assemblage of mere childish fictions, with no other meaning of any kind than the surface of each line conveys? To us this supposition is simply inconceivable. If, however, we are asked what do you conceive they really mean, we confess our simple ignorance. We read them with wonder and helpless speculation.

As an illustration, however, of what we



mean, consider this passage taken at random from *Gulliver's Travels*. Gulliver is vindicating the reputation of the Lilliputian lady whose coach and six he was in the habit of lifting upon his table:—

“‘I am here obliged,’ says he, ‘to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent sufferer upon my account. The treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him that her grace had taken a violent affection for my person, and the Court scandal ran for some time that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds further than that her Grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister, and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance. But this was common to many other ladies of the Court. And I will appeal to my servants round whether they at any time saw a coach at my door without their knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions when a servant had given me notice my custom was to go immediately to the door, and after paying my respects to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands (for if there were six horses the postilion always unharnessed four) and place them on a table, where I had fixed a movable rim quite round of five inches high, to prevent accidents, and I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table full of company, while I sat in my chair leaning my face towards them, and while I was engaged with one set the coachman would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer or his two informers. I will name them, and let them make the best of it,” &c., &c.

Five thousand years hence what will the best scholar nursed in a different civilization make of this passage beyond the bare sequence of physical ideas? How will he unravel the fun, the irony, the bitter ridicule, poured by the bitterest of Tory pamphleteers upon the, in his eyes, most contemptible of Lilliputians,—Whig princelings and hop-o-my-thumbs in their relations with what he considered really great men, himself among the number? Here is a passage taken equally at random from the *Arabian Nights*. The tailor is telling a story about the chattering barber:—

“‘Think what a situation was mine! What could I do with so cruel a tormentor? Give him three pieces of gold,’ said I to the slave who managed the expenses of my house, ‘and send him away, that I may be rid of him; I will not be shaved to day.’—‘My master,’ cried the

barber, at hearing this, ‘what am I to understand by these words? It was not I who came to seek you, it was you who ordered me to come, and that being the case, I swear by the faith of a Mussulman I will not quit your house till I have shaved you. If you do not know my value it is no fault of mine. Your late honoured father was more just to my merits. Each time when he sent for me to bleed him he used to make me sit down by his side, and then it was delightful to hear the clever talk with which I entertained him.’”

And so on.

It so happens that in this story the comedy of boredom, let us say, is distinctly marked. But behind the simple, elementary, obvious comedy, who can tell all the intricate by-play of highly allusive and irrecoverable sarcasm which exists? In the passage quoted from Swift there is on the surface a gentle vein of almost childlike comedy. Beneath this slender film there is Swift himself, wallowing—wallowing is the word—in all the virulence and passion of his age and time. To us the superficial glaze is still transparent. What will it be five thousand years hence? Butler's *Hudibras* already requires elaborate study, and many an antiquarian who piques himself on his penetration may time upon time be a hundred miles from the true mark of the author.

To return to Mr. Dalziel's new edition of the *Arabian Nights*, we lately had occasion to remark upon the very great merit of the illustrations. They are gems in their kind, real works of art, containing an immense amount of thought, care, imagination, and wonderfully in harmony with the spirit of the tales themselves. They are in conception and expression mellow, childlike without being childish, surely one of the best features of good art, and totally free from the affectation of young sentiment. They have the best characteristics of the modern English realism, without any of its modern conventionalities, nor have they any of the conventionality of the late euphuistic school of English engraving, which reached its height in the hackneyed Oriental album. It is not too much to say that Mr. Dalziel's *Arabian Nights* constitute a new phase in the art of illustration. But having said this, we must repeat our criticism, that the predominant fault, throughout the earlier part of the volume especially, is a certain monotony of mechanical effect from the rough contrast of white and black which impairs the delicacy of the result. The defect wears away, however, towards the end of the volume. Thus in the illustration of the lady showing Alnaschar the hidden treasure there

is not a trace of this, and a more exquisitely beautiful female figure in every detail, the firmness and delicacy of the bust, the ripe and nervous beauty of the arm, the beauty of the foot, the grace and modest gentleness of the whole, we never remember to have seen. It is drawn by Mr. Tenniel. Many of the plates are evident copies from nature. Two will strike almost every one. One is a likeness of Mr. Leighton the artist, wrapped in adoration of a lovely Jewess playing on the guitar. It is drawn by Mr. Thomas Dalziel, and the plate is called "The Concert at the Palace of Schemsel-nihar." The other, also by Mr. Dalziel, is a photographic likeness of the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild in her girlhood. In the plate "Prince Amgiad and the Wicked Lady" the expression of female wickedness is well defined, a dry, cold, haughty, yet flaming and resplendent wickedness, as of a stalactite of cruelty lit up by the blaze of a volcano. Did Mr. Tenniel imagine the woman, or does he know her?

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From The Reader.

#### THE GENESIS OF NEWSPAPERS.

THIS week has witnessed the birth of a new daily newspaper. For about the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time in the annals of journalism, we are to have, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a pattern of what a newspaper really ought to be. It is too early to judge how far the youngest of our contemporaries — to whom we wish every success — will fulfil the somewhat profuse promises which have augured in its birth, but we would make the occasion of his entrance into the journalistic world an opportunity for saying something about the mode in which newspapers are conceived and begotten. The physiology of periodicals is a subject which has yet to be treated of scientifically; the laws which regulate their rise, decline, and fall, are only known empirically; and the secret why one paper fails and another succeeds is still as great a mystery as the reason why one baby lives and another dies. All we can hope to do in one short article is to point out some of the features which distinguish the newspaper trade, as a trade, from any other.

It is said by authorities in commercial matters, that the yearly expenditure on Cornish mines far exceeds the receipts from

the same source; and yet year after year fresh mines are opened and fresh money is poured into the bottomless pit of mineship. Exactly the same statement might, we believe, be made about newspapers. Anybody acquainted with the business could number up the names of the metropolitan periodicals that have ever paid a net profit to their proprietors; and the proportion of those which pay to those which do not pay would be ludicrously small. Yet scarcely a fortnight passes without some new literary speculation being launched upon the world: The explanation of this phenomenon is simple enough. Of all trades that in newspapers is the most speculative. If you do happen to hit the public taste, the profit on the capital invested is absolutely fabulous; and therefore this form of speculation has all the attraction of a lottery. Moreover, if losing money ever can be a pleasant process, it more nearly approaches pleasantness in the case of a newspaper speculation than in any other. Almost anybody who has ever owned a newspaper or a theatre is conscious of the attraction we allude to. You may have burnt your fingers twenty times over, but still you fancy you will make your fortune on the twenty-first trial. Then, again, everybody fancies beforehand that he can manage a newspaper. No special training or education is required for the purpose; all that is wanted is a natural aptitude, very hard to define in very distinct terms, and which any sensible man may reasonably flatter himself that he possesses.

Thus the ordinary laws of supply and demand hardly bear upon the case of newspaper speculation. It is easy to prove by undeniable figures that the chances are against the success of any new periodical, and that as an investment for money, journalistic proprietorship is, as a rule, not profitable; and yet there will be no lack of persons ready to start new literary projects, or to keep sinking ones afloat. There are two classes of delusions prevalent amongst people engaged in the periodical trade, which can hardly fail to have struck any impartial observer, whose personal feelings were not interested in the matter. The first is one universal amongst established proprietors. Nothing can ever convince them that there is any room for a new periodical of any kind. If the *London Gazette* were the only newspaper published at this moment in the metropolis, we have no doubt the owners would conscientiously assert there was no possible demand for any other newspaper, and would prove by convincing argument that any rival journal must inevita-

bly be a failure. No very ancient experience of journalism is needed to be aware of the fact, that every publication started within the last few years, which has proved a signal success, was denounced as certain of failure by the very men whose experience in the trade ought, one would have thought beforehand, to render them the best judges on the subject. The conductors of every weekly paper in London were convinced, for instance, that the *Saturday Review* could never outlive its first year. The proprietors of all the old daily journals were morally certain that the penny press could only result in bankruptcy; and similar instances might be multiplied without number. On the other hand, the promoters of every new periodical are subject to a delusion of a different kind. Every mother is said to believe that there never was a child seen like her firstborn; and most assuredly every literary parent is convinced that his progeny is to be something altogether unknown in the annals of serial publication. The delusion is a singularly natural one. Anybody with a cultivated taste can easily perceive the faults inherent to all periodical literature — faults which increase in exact proportion to the rapidity of publication; and it is only by experience that the knowledge how entirely these faults are due to the system, not the individual writers, becomes appreciated. If there were plenty of time to prepare a daily or even a weekly periodical beforehand, the slovenliness, the inaccuracies, and the illogicality which characterize even the best newspaper writing would be unpardonable. In the prospectus of the *Pall Mall Gazette* we are solemnly informed that "its chief aim" is "to bring into daily journalism that full measure of thought and culture which is now found only in a few reviews." We wonder how many series of papers have come into the world big with this self-same mission. Gradually the conviction dawns upon the mind of all who have passed over the hot youth of journalism, that it is impossible to treat any subject as philosophically in four hours as in as many weeks. And by degrees the reformers, who started with the idea of regenerating the press, become perfectly satisfied if they can keep up to the by no means low standard of average excellence which prevails at present.

With regard to the conditions of journalistic life, there is, as we have said before, room for the widest speculation. One point seems almost established as an axiom, namely, that the "sic vos non vobis" principle is applicable to newspapers. By some unaccountable law scarcely any periodical ever

rises to success in the hands of its original projector. There is hardly a flourishing journalistic property in the world which does not claim as its first parent somebody or other who has long since parted company with its fortunes. Why this should be so we can only account for on the theory that the talent of the projector is different from, if not inconsistent with, that of the conductor. Probably these remarks may not appear encouraging to persons preparing to invest in newspaper property. As a consolation, we would express our conviction that there is always room for new speculations in literature. The public demand for reading is so vast and so rapidly increasing that the supply cannot keep pace with it. The whole subject is, however, too wide a one to be dismissed in a single article, and we trust on another occasion to point out a few more characteristic features of the Genesis of Journalism.

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From The London Review.

#### WHIST — ITS LAWS AND LENGTH.

WHIST, the best and most amusing of domestic games, and with one exception the most intellectual, promises to be in force this winter. The dear Mrs. Sarah Battle, of Elia's Essays, whose toast was "A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game," must have been often distressed by the want of an authoritative code of laws for whist. Successive improvements have rendered Hoyle obsolete, and individual writers on the game have been deficient in the *prestige* necessary to command allegiance to their respective codes. The result has been that different whist-rooms recognise various authorities, and that club committees, when appealed to by players to decide knotty points, have keenly felt the want of a standard text-book. This want is now supplied. A code of laws for whist was drawn up by a Committee of the Arlington Club, which may share with the Portland the honour of being the highest whist club in the kingdom. Mr. Clay, M. P. for Hull, one of our finest whist-players, was chairman of the committee, which included Mr. G. Bentinck, M. P., Mr. Bushe, Mr. C. Greville, Mr. Knightly, M. P., Mr. H. B. Mayne, Mr. G. Payne, and Colonel Pipon. The committee, having prepared a Code of Laws, sent it to the Portland Club, which appointed a Whist Committee to consider the matter. Their suggestions and additions were immediately

accepted by the Arlington, and the latter club, under the presidency of the Duke of Beaufort, unanimously resolved to adopt the revised code, as edited by Mr. John Loraine Baldwin. This code, since adopted at the Portland, Carlton, Reform, Conservative, Army and Navy, Arthur's, Boodle's, Brookes', White's, and other leading clubs, has now been published. The whist world has thus had conferred upon it the inestimable boon of an authoritative code, and the leading players of the various clubs need no longer be pestered by the disputes and doubtful points which have been of late constantly referred to them.

There is only one drawback to the satisfaction which this announcement is calculated to impart. The new code gives us the laws of Short Whist, while Mrs. Sarah Battle certainly played Long Whist. It is believed still to linger among her descendants, and but for the authoritative tone in which Long Whist is pooh-poohed in the new treatise, we should have been disposed to assert that the old game, out of London, is played in four families out of five. Mr. Baldwin, on the contrary, assures us that "the supremacy of Short Whist is an acknowledged fact." Mr. Clay more roundly declares:—"It is enough for me that the old game is dead and the modern in full vigor." Yet, Short Whist, he tells us, had but a hasty and accidental origin:—

"Some eighty years back, Lord Peterborough having one night lost a large sum of money, the friends with whom he was playing proposed to make the game five points instead of ten, in order to give the loser a chance, at a quicker game, of recovering his loss. The new game was found to be so lively, and money changed hands with such increased rapidity, that these gentlemen and their friends, all of them leading members of the clubs of the day, continued to play it. It became general in the clubs—thence was introduced to private houses—travelled into the country—went to Paris, and has long since so entirely superseded the whist of Hoyle's day, that of short whist alone I propose to treat."

Thus Short Whist had a gambling origin. It is still the whist of professional gamblers, of men who want excitement, and who love to play high. It has its convenience at the clubs, where the first four players who come into the card-room have a right to play the first rubber, and where it is necessary to limit the period during which the same players may occupy the tables. At the Portland and other clubs the players "cut out" after one rubber, the highest withdrawing to make room for those who are

waiting their turn, only two "supernumeraries" being however admissible together. After the second rubber, the players who have been longest at the table withdraw by rotation. Long Whist would be insufferable under such circumstances, and Short Whist is especially convenient to those members of a club who are awaiting their turn to play.

Whether the old game does not require more skill than the new is a matter which Mr. Clay refuses to consider. Other partisans of Short Whist contend that it has a tendency to improve the play. The loss of a critical odd trick being oftener fatal in a score of five than of ten, a closer attention in playing to points is imposed than when the termination of the game is more distant. On the other hand, there is a greater margin for chance in the counting of honors in the short game. Mr. Clay admits that, "if the change had been carefully considered, the honors would have been cut in half as well as the points." When two partners, who, as in Short Whist, have only five points to make, happen to get four by honors in any one hand, they may win by pure luck in a single deal. Mr. Clay thinks that two by honors should count one point, and four by honors only two points. Short Whist would then, in his opinion, be perfect, yet the advantage of skill would, in that case, be so great as to limit considerably the number of players. An indifferent player has a better chance under this exorbitant scale for honors, and a fine player has, if he pleases, a speedier opportunity of escaping from a bad partner.

The points of difference between Long and Short Whist are after all soon described. At Long Whist ten points win; at Short Whist five. At Long Whist honors are not counted at the score of nine, but may be "called" at eight; at Short Whist honors are not counted at the score of four, and are never "called." In both games tricks count before honors, except only in the "call" at eight points in Long Whist. The advantage of the short game lies in the more forcible use that can be made of trumps. "Trumps," writes Carleton, editor of *Bohn's Handbook*, "should be your rifle company; use them liberally in your manœuvres; have copious reference to them in finessing, to enable you to maintain a long suit." Another writer holds that "the peculiarities of the short game call for special appliances. This should act as stimulants to the player, and rouse his energy." Deschappelles, who has been called the French Hoyle without his science, makes the best



defence of Short Whist:—"When we consider (he says) the social feelings it engenders, the pleasure and vivacity it promotes, and the advantages it offers to the less skilful player, we cannot help acknowledging that Short Whist is a decided improvement upon the old game." Yet Mr. Carleton's separate treatment of Long and Short Whist is objected to by high authorities as absurd, on the ground that the precepts of both systems are essentially identical, and that whatever is useful and true at Long Whist is equally so at Short Whist.

Mr. Clay's masterly treatise on Short Whist should be in the hands of every whist-player. He tells beginners the secret of the game. "Whist is a language, and every card played an intelligible sentence. He shows how, as the game goes on, each trick is full of information to the careful observers, so that by the time the hand is half played out, he arrives at a pretty accurate idea of the broad features of each hand, and "when but three or four cards remain to each player, he very frequently knows, almost to a card, where they are to be found." He does not advise the beginner to strain an unpractised memory by attempting to remember all the small cards, but to note the broad invitation of the game, such as the different leads, whether strong or weak, the indication to lead a trump, the cards thrown away when a player does not follow suit, &c. Physical weakness of memory is less frequently a cause of bad play than indifferent players suppose. A strict attention to the board (instead of poring over his own cards), will soon enable the beginner to remember the chief cards which have been played in each suit, and by whom. He next notes with whom the strength in each suit probably lies. When habitual practice is superadded to a knowledge of the principles of the game, memory and observation will become mechanical. It is not without reason, therefore, that "Cœlebs" and other writers assert that quickness of memory should be considered as the effect rather than the cause of good play.

A golden maxim in whist—that it is of more importance to inform your partner than to deceive your adversary—is strongly and forcibly insisted upon by Mr. Clay. The best whist-player he declares to be the man who plays the game in the simplest and most intelligible way. Such a man who never deceives you, enables you, when you are accustomed to his rules of procedure, to play, so to speak, and bring out his cards with almost the same knowledge that you have of your own hand. Mr. Clay, for these

reasons, abhors the playing of "false cards," that is, when a higher card is unnecessarily played before a lower, without being intended for a "blue Peter." It is usually done to mystify an opponent, but it injures the whole scheme of a partner's game—causes him to miscount the numerical strength of all the players on all the suits—and to play, in short, as if blind-folded.

The whist-player is to be congratulated on the present literature of this fine game. The new Laws of Short Whist, and Mr. Clay's accompanying treatise on the game, give the learner not only the rules but also the principles of play, and the reasons upon which they are based. An anonymous but highly-qualified whist-player, under the *nom de plume* of "Cavendish," has made his essay most instructive to his young readers by giving a series of examples of hands played completely through—a plan long in use in treatises on chess. By means of these illustrations the principles which guide fine players are brought forcibly home and fixed in the memory. A third writer "Cœlebs," a member of the Portland Club, gives us a hand-book, which some good judges prefer to all the other treatises extant. With these aids and guides to a knowledge of this fascinating and social game, beginners may soon become good players, and in time fine players.

Short Whist, it cannot be denied, has made a great "spurt," and promises to be in fashion this winter. There is great advantage in uniformity, and in having one common code of rules. Suppose, therefore, we all give Short Whist a trial, and see whether it is as superior in dash, brilliancy, and liveliness to the old game as its partisans at the Clubs would have us believe.

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From The Independent.

THE JOURNAL AND LETTERS OF SAMUEL CURWEN, An American in England, from 1775 to 1783; with an Appendix of Biographical Sketches. By GEORGE ATKINSON WARD. Fourth edition. BOSTON: Little, Brown & Co. 8vo. pp. 678.

SAMUEL CURWEN—a name which also assumes the forms Curwin and Corwin—was born on the 28th day of December, 1751. From 1759 till 1774 he was Impost Officer for Essex County, Mass. He was one of those Loyalists whose memory Mr. Sabine so tenderly embalmed—not virulent, not a hater of his country, nor a conspirator

against her independence, but a timid, peace-loving citizen, to whom rebellion seemed deplorable because incapable of success. He incurred the displeasure of his townsmen by being among the "Addressers," or sympathizers with Gov. Hutchinson, who—the merchants and lawyers of Boston, the magistrates of Middlesex and Plymouth, and the principle gentlemen of Salem and Marblehead—sent addresses to that unpopular official on his departure for England, expressing entire approbation of his public conduct, and their affectionate wishes for his prosperity. Some of the signers were compelled to recant through the public press, but Mr. Curwen refused. Convinced that his residence in the community would be most unpleasant, even if not unsafe, while a revolution was in process, he withdrew from Salem to Philadelphia, and thence, alone of his family, embarked for London on the 14th of May, 1775. He remained in this voluntary exile nine years and five months, and the life which he led in that interval is fully recorded in his journal and in his letters to one of his nieces. He returned to his home on the 26th of September, 1784, and mentions that when he alighted at the house of his former residence, not a man, woman, or child but expressed satisfaction at seeing him, and welcomed him back. Nevertheless he could only view the war which had just terminated as an unmixed calamity, though it brought less personal loss to himself than he at first imagined.

The interest of such a diary and correspondence as Mr. Curwen's, who was a well-educated gentleman, and a graduate of Harvard College, lies in the contemporaneous description of events now historical, in the portraiture of famous characters, the glimpses of the manners of the times, of places, etc., etc. There must necessarily be much of merely personal details which are inseparable from the more valuable information, yet these may not be altogether despised by a student of human nature. Some gleanings from the handsome volume before us will, we think, afford pleasant reading to those who care to peruse them.

While waiting to take ship in Philadelphia, he writes, May 7, 1775:

"Dr. Franklin arrived last night, which was announced by ringing of bells, to the great joy of the city. I cannot but promise myself some good, as his knowledge and experience must have influence in the approaching Congress, which will, I doubt not, listen to his judgment."

Two days later:

"Dined with Stephen Collins: passed the evening at Joseph Reed's, in company with Col. WASHINGTON, (a fine figure, and of a most easy and agreeable address,) Richard Henry Lee, and Col. Harrison—three of the Virginia delegates."

On the 10th the Eastern delegates entered the city with great pomp:

"First, two or three hundred gentlemen on horseback, preceded, however, by the newly-chosen city military officers two and two, with drawn swords, followed by John Hancock and Samuel Adams, in a phaeton and pair, the former looking as if his journey and high living, or solicitude to support the dignity of the first man in Massachusetts, had impaired his health. Next came John Adams and Thomas Cushing in a single-horse chaise; behind followed Robert Treat Paine, and after him the New York delegation, and some from the Province of Connecticut, etc., etc. The rear was brought up by a hundred carriages, the streets crowded with people of all ages, sexes, and ranks."

In London, Nov. 29:

"Saw Mr. Garrick in Hamlet, at Drury Lane; in my eye, more perfect in the expression of his face than in the accent and pronunciation of his voice, which, however, was much beyond the standard of his fellow-actors."

Apr. 23, 1776:

"Walked to Ware, which contains five hundred houses, besides a great curiosity called 'the great bed of Ware,' which is twelve feet square; the posts, which are of uncommon size, are carved with white and red roses, built, it is said, at the union of the houses of York and Lancaster; the date, 1463, is painted on the center of the head-board, which, with the tester, is of wood, in the same style, laid out in compartments and surrounded with roses. The whole weighs half a ton; twenty persons can repose comfortably on it."

July 13:

"Asked a man how far it was to Chelsea, and was answered in the true New England style, '*I don't know—about half a mile.*' This I note as the first instance, to my remembrance, of the like I have met with on this side the water."

Of conscription during the Revolution  
we have the following testimony, Mar. 7,  
1777 :

"I received a letter from London, inform-

ing me of my wife's health and welfare in  
November last, and that she had been  
obliged to pay ten pounds sterling to find a  
man for the American army in my stead."

\* ON THE CLIFFS.

While the little ones gather flowers,  
Or rustle about in the corn,  
I'll pray to the sea  
To bring to me  
The schooner, the Golden Horn.

The horizon, gray and dim,  
Scarce darker than the sky,  
Hides all behind  
That I fain would find.  
Would I had power to fly

Like the gull that now alights  
On the waves with its snowy breast;  
And a moment more  
Whirls over the shore —  
On sea nor land to rest.

Little gray blots of ships;  
Nearer, a tawny sail,  
Ochry red;  
And overhead,  
The breath of a southern gale.

A dancing, glittering sea,  
Purple and laughing green;  
With a ripple of gold  
On every fold,  
And a ruffle of surf between.

The barley is glossy as silk,  
Bowing to every cloud;  
And clickety-clack,  
Tickety-tack,  
The bird's rattle sounds so loud.

The wind-mill there on the hill  
Is tossing its arms about;  
Signalling  
To the ships on the wing,  
And the waves below that shout.

Glitter and dance, ye waves,  
And bear my darling home:  
The boy with the hair  
Curling so fair —  
I love him where'er he roam.

Who knows but those broad brown sails,  
Rounding the foreland there,  
Bring him to me  
From over the sea,  
Safe from the cruel gales ?

No, for they tack again,  
And bear away to the west;  
And he, I know,  
Straight, straight would go  
Back to his mother's breast.

The poppies are fluttering red  
Over the chalk-cliff's edge;  
Nodding to me,  
And then to the sea,  
From every sun-burnt ledge.

The wild geranium, too,  
Has a butterfly fluttering round,  
But the thistle's alone.  
My own — my own,  
He is far on the rolling Sound.

Blow homeward, gentle wind;  
Blow from the Baltic shore:  
And poppies, I pray,  
Bend all one way,  
To show he will come once more.

Break faster, faster, surf;  
Charge thousands all abreast;  
Roll mountain high,  
So the little ship fly,  
And bring my bird to his nest.

— Chambers' Journal.

THE ICE FLOWER TO PR-F-SS-R  
T-ND-LL.

FEBRUARY 14, 1865.

Within the ice,  
In strange device,  
A sleeping beauty, I  
Thy coming wait,  
At happy date,  
To bring my destiny.

When through my frame  
The electric flame  
Its radiant pulses sends,  
I rise from death;  
Thy fervent breath  
My glacial fetters rends.

To nature's lock  
Which guards the block  
Of ice, thy key applied,  
My soul sets free,  
Which turns to thee  
In passion's melting tide.

I pant for you  
At thirty-two  
By *Fahrenheit* displayed;  
Or, should prevail  
Another scale,  
At zero, *Centigrade*.

In pretty strife,  
To start to life  
My waking atoms stir;  
Their motions fine  
To thee incline,  
My heart's thermometer.

Folded in frost,  
In ice-depths lost,  
I droop in cheerless night  
Under thy glow  
My petals blow,  
Ecstatic with delight.

No heavenly star  
That shines afar  
With my six rays can vie;  
The hexagon  
Which you have won  
Transcends geometry.

Imprisoned here,  
With frozen tear  
I weep my frigid fate:  
Dissolved by you,  
In raptures new  
My I ne'er regale.

Then come, my love,  
Your powers prove,  
Let all your radiance shine;  
For evermore  
On alp and shore,  
I'll be your Valentine.

NOTE. — When the rays from an electric lamp are made to pass through ice — "the ice appears to resolve itself into stars, each one possessing six rays, each one resembling a beautiful flower of six petals" — *Heat considered as a Mode of Motion*, by John Tyndall, F. R. S.

## ALONE WITH JESUS.

Alone with Jesus! Leave me here,  
Without a wish, without a fear;  
My pulse is weak, and faint my breath,  
But is he not the Lord of Death?  
'Tis all the same when he is nigh,  
And if I live, or if I die.

Alone with Jesus! Ye who weep,  
And round my bed your vigils keep,  
My love was never half so strong;  
And yours — O I have proved it long!  
But when had earthly friends the power  
To comfort in a dying hour?

Alone with Jesus! O how sweet  
In health to worship at his feet!  
But sweeter far when, day by day,  
We droop and pine, and waste away,  
To feel his arms around us close,  
And in his bosom find repose!

Alone with Jesus! how secure;  
Vile in myself, in him how pure;  
The tempest's howl, the waters beat,  
They harm me not in my retreat:  
Night deepens — 'mid its gloom and chill  
He draws me nearer to him still.

Alone with Jesus! What alarms  
The infant in his mother's arms?  
Before me death and judgment rise:  
I turn my head and close my eyes —  
There's naught for me to fear or do,  
I know that he will bear me through.

Alone with Jesus! Earth grows dim —  
I even see my friends through him;  
Time, space — all things below, above,  
Reveal to me one life, one love —  
That One in whom all glories shine —  
All beauties meet — that One is mine!